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BEYOND UNSEEN BOUNDARIES

Impossible Events...

Strange People...

Incredible Stories
of a World
One Step Beyond...

All Fully Documented

By BRAD STEIGER

She saw her daughter die—
100 miles away.

Her incredible vision
changed history.

Asleep in her bed, this woman
witnessed tomorrow's crimes.

The Hottentot's mind
unlocks the sea's secrets.

WARNING:

YOU ARE ENTERING ANOTHER WORLD

Here are strange tales—of minds defying all the rules of time, distance and space. Here are men and women with the power to transcend our own reality.

Their stories are amazing, astonishing, unbelievable. They are all completely true.

If you are not afraid to enter this other world, where the supernatural is the natural, turn the page.

BEYOND UNSEEN BOUNDARIES

By BRAD STEIGER

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BEYOND UNSEEN BOUNDARIES

THE MAN WHO BECAME A MILLIONAIRE BY LISTENING TO GHOSTS

Before Arthur Edward Stilwell died on September 26, 1928, he had built the Kansas City Southern Railroad, the Kansas City Northern Connecting Railroad, the the Kansas City, Omaha and Eastern, the Kansas City, Omaha and Orient, the Pittsburgh and Gulf Railroad, and the Port Arthur Ship Canal. This hard-headed, practical businessman had been responsible for the laying of over 2500 miles of double-track railroad and had founded forty towns. His vast empire employed over a quarter of a million persons and extended itself from the vast railroad network to pecan-farming, banking, land development, and mining. In his spare time, the millionaire wrote and published thirty books, nineteen of which were novels, among them the well-known *Light That Never Failed.*

Although his contemporaries hailed him as a genius with unquenchable luck, Arthur Stilwell never took any of the credit for his impressive accomplishments. Throughout his long and prosperous career as a modern-day Midas, Stilwell protested that he was but an instrument for his spirit guides. According to Stilwell, his mentors from the spirit world had been responsible for every financial investment and decision that he had ever made, and had dictated every word in his thirty volumes, numerous articles, and many motion-picture scenarios.

"My case is not all that unusual," Stilwell would point out to those who seemed to meet his claims with incredulity. "Socrates, greatest of the Greek philosophers, used to give credit to his 'Demon.' Joan of Arc changed history by listening to her spirit guides."

The vigorous millionaire was not an advocate of spiritualism, however. Shortly before his death, Stilwell proclaimed that he had only attended one seance in his entire life and that he had been "bored to tears by it."

Stilwell had no association with any psychic research organizations and did not publicly endorse any of their theories. To Arthur Stilwell, the relationship that he shared with his spirit friends was a highly personal one, and other than acknowledging the essential role they had played in his career, he never identified them beyond stating that the Circle was made up of the spirits of three engineers, a poet and two writers. The millionaire's interaction with the world of the supernatural was as real and as vital to him as was his association with his earthly circle of friends, which included Henry Ford, George Westinghouse, and Charles Schwab.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes, once said that Arthur Stilwell "had greater and more important psychic experiences than any man of this generation."

These "important psychic experiences" began when Stilwell was a boy on his father's farm in eastern Indiana.

Since his early childhood, Arthur had been a sensitive lad who was given to much daydreaming. By the time that he was in his early teens, he had acquired the ability to fall into trances and receive advice, admonitions, and prophecies from his advisors in the Spirit Circle.

On his fifteenth birthday, young Arthur was told that he would be married in four years' time to a girl named Genevieve Wood.

"But I don't even know any girl by such a name," the teenager protested.

After the spirits had finished giving their counsel and had faded back into the night shadows, young Arthur arose and wrote the name down in his diary. Four years later, just after his nineteenth birthday, he found himself

dancing with a pretty girl at a church festival. When she told him her name was Jenny Wood, he remembered the prophecy of the Circle and the name which he had recorded in his diary. Within a few weeks, Genevieve Wood and Arthur Stilwell were married.

Even the most faithful disciple of Horatio Alger rags-to-riches romanticism would have been easily persuaded to put his money on someone other than Arthur Stilwell to make a millionaire of himself. He was a farm boy who had barely made it through high school, had acquired a wife while he was still a teenager, and had now gained employment as a clerk with a trucking firm. How many trucking company clerks become millionaires? But how many clerks have the benefit of counsel from a Spirit Circle?

In the darkness they came to him. "Go west and build a railroad," they repeated night after night.

Young Stilwell protested. He knew nothing of railroads and nothing of high finance. He was just a farm boy.

But still the ghostly voices beleaguered him. They pestered him so that he had to begin sleeping in a separate bedroom so that he would not disturb his wife. In the early days of their marriage, Arthur did not dare discuss his invisible advisers with Jenny for fear that she would think him strange. Now, after assuring her that all was well between them, Arthur gave some feeble explanation of why he must sleep in his own bedroom. It was a practice which Stilwell would continue for the rest of their long married life, but as success followed success, he was eventually able to confide in Jenny and explain the necessity of his being able to "Confer" with his guides in solitude.

Yielding at last to the demands of the Spirit Circle, Stilwell moved to Kansas City where he managed to find work with various brokerage firms. With the aid of his ghostly allies, Arthur managed to master the finer points of finance, and before he was twenty-six, he was building his first railroad, the Kansas City Belt Line. Stilwell had found no difficulty in borrowing the money from the bankers, and upon completing the line a month ahead of schedule, he found that he had suddenly been transformed from a forty-dollar-a-month clerk to a man who owned a railroad worth millions.

Later, Stilwell recorded that in this period of his life which required more nerve and self-confidence than even the most bold Indiana farm boy could muster, he had relied heavily on the advice and aid of his spirit friends. Often, when an engineering problem had him stumped, he would slip into trance and awaken the next morning to find that the drawing board now bore the solution. These notes and drawings, according to Stilwell, were never in his own handwriting.

Perhaps the most dramatic prophecy of the Circle of Spirit mentors occurred when they advised Arthur to build a railroad line from Kansas City to the Gulf of Mexico. Stilwell was immediately impressed with the wisdom of such a move. He realized that such a linkage would unite the Midwestern farmers with the ocean steamships. He set out at once putting the wheels of his highly efficient combine into motion. Galveston, Texas seemed to be the logical terminus of this new branch line, and Stilwell completely immersed himself in the new project. For the first time in his life, he became so absorbed in a new undertaking that he seemed to somehow block out the visitations of his spirit friends.

"I made the very human mistake of depending upon myself and upon tangible things in my hour of need, forgetting the spiritual aid which was waiting and ready," Stilwell wrote later.

Then, suddenly, as if the spirits had devised a last-resort method of forcing their fleshly protégé to slow down a bit, Stilwell became ill.

Work on the railroad came to a halt, but Arthur was able to re-establish contact with his faithful Circle.

"You must not let the new railroad line go to Galveston," Stilwell was told.

"But where else would I possibly locate the terminus?" Arthur frowned, putting the question bluntly to his ethereal tutors.

"That should be no problem for a millionaire. Build a new city. Name it Port Arthur."

Arthur snorted: "People will not only say that I am mad; they will say that I am vain."

"Let them say what they will. Nothing your detractors can say will equal the disaster which will take place in Galveston if you allow your railroad to establish its terminus in that city. You life's work will be ruined, and thousands of lives will be lost."

Stillwell stirred uneasily in the bed where he was holding the "conference." He asked his guides exactly what they meant by uttering such ominous words.

"Look here," he was commanded, "and you will see for yourself."

There, on his bedroom wall, a misty picture of the city of Galveston began to swirl and waver until it at last took form with the clarity of a stereopticon slide. But this most miraculous "picture" showed people walking on the streets. The focus suddenly shifted to the docks of the seaport. Stevedores hustled up gangplanks with cargo; cranes dropped tons of wheat into open holds. Then the brightness of the sky over the ocean became dark and troubled. From far out to sea a great tidal wave seemed to rise out of the waters like a brutal, hulking beast of vengeance sent by an angry Father Neptune. The monstrous wave gained momentum as it rolled faster and faster toward the shore and the seaport. It flung itself on the city of Galveston with the fury of Nature's power gone berserk. The Texas city was literally crushed; its populace drowned.

At last the horrible vision faded from the bedroom wall. Arthur Stilwell lay in his bed, damp with perspiration and totally convinced by the demonstration which his spirits had just presented. "I shall build Port Arthur," he assured the grim features of the ghostly prophets.

Stilwell returned from his sickbed completely rejuvenated. His first official action was to order the change in the course of his new railroad line. Port Arthur was staked out in a vacant cow-pasture. The precise location had been marked on a map by the Spirit Circle.

"The man is insane!" Stilwell's critics shouted when his plans were announced.

The business associations and citizens' groups from Galveston violently protested the railroad baron's change of plans. They had been spared the vision of the terrible tidal wave which would crush their city. The only vision they were concerned about was the one which showed them losing thousands of dollars in profits to a city that had not yet been built.

Cautiously, Stilwell spoke to them of his vision of the great tidal wave which would destroy Galveston. As he feared, this pronouncement angered Galveston's emissaries even more.

"It was bad enough that Stilwell has betrayed us," they grumbled, "but he had the unmitigated gall to tell us that he had changed his plans because of a bad dream!"

Then there were those who had hoped to profit from the sale of condemned lands along the site of the railroad as Stilwell had originally announced its route. These men joined with Stilwell's enemies in Wall Street and brought the fight into Congress. But Stilwell, with the constant encouragement of his spiritual advisers, held his ground and continued to finance both the completion of the new line and the construction of the new city.

Several years later, an official ceremony christened Port Arthur, the terminus for the Kansas City Southern Railroad. What had once been a useless swamp had been transformed into a canal that equaled the width and depth of the Suez. What had once been a cow-pasture was now a new and proud seaport where steamers could

dock while the waiting trainloads of Midwestern corn, wheat, and oil were transferred to their holds.

Only four days after the ceremonies which signaled the twin births of a railroad line and a seaport, the city of Galveston, Texas was nearly destroyed by a mammoth tidal wave that thundered over the Gulf Coast. The disaster occurred just as it had been revealed to Arthur Stilwell by his spirit guides and just as he had predicted for the past several years. The huge tidal wave that smashed into Galveston was responsible for one of the greatest catastrophes in American history, but by the time it reached Port Arthur across Sabine Lake, it was as mild as a ripple in a pond. Once again, the Spirit Circle had given Arthur Stilwell impressive proof of the validity of their existence and their unerring accuracy. Because Stilwell had heeded the advice of his spirit mentors, Port Arthur was able to serve as a relief center for the striken populace of its neighboring city. Stilwell's own personal fortune was increased many times over. If he had followed his original plan and built his railroad terminal in Galveston, his empire would have been destroyed. Those who had once mocked him as a fool for erecting a city in the middle of a cow-pasture when an established seaport stood eagerly awaiting the commerce of his railroad line were now hailing him as a genius, a visionary, and the luckiest man in the world. Stilwell was quick to point out that he had had more than luck on his side.

As Arthur Stilwell became internationally known as one of America's greatest empire builders, more and more people began to question him about his spirit guides. Stilwell was never one to theorize about his "friends." He felt no compulsion to attempt to explain how he was able to interact with the spirit world or why those in the ethereal realm should choose to bother themselves with the concerns of those still clothed in flesh. Stilwell never made a single effort to answer the "whys" and "hows" of the skeptical. The multimillionaire felt that the empire which he had built with the aid of his spirit mentors offered the best kind of evidence of their existence.

Stilwell did, however, reveal how he was able to contact the members of the Spirit Circle. "I lie down in bed alone in a dark room," he once told a business associate. "I focus my mind on my immediate problem and allow myself to drift off into a sort of half-sleep. I offer no resistance to any outside influence. I suppose the state is very similar to that of a coma, but even though I am nearly unconscious, every plan, diagram, chart, or map which is revealed to me during those moments is indelibly etched in my memory."

According to Stilwell, his spirit tutors did not express themselves in a time sense. Past, present, and future were all one to them. They seemed to have access to all knowledge which issued from the Absolute and dictated their suggestions to him with utmost authority.

Arthur Stilwell lived into his eighties and entertained himself in his twilight years by writing novels, articles, and motion-picture scenarios on an eight-hour-a-day schedule. This still left him plenty of time to manage his sprawling railroad empire and his varied commercial interests.

He died clutching his wife's hand, confidently telling Jenny that he himself would soon be a member in good standing in the Spirit Circle.

TOMBSTONE'S PSYCHIC SHERIFF

Contrary to television's mythology, Wyatt Earp did not clean up Tombstone Territory. The controversial Mr. Earp, in spite of his secure position in the legends of the West as a gallant lawman, was a gambler, a racketeer, and a road agent, who made a profit by dealing on both sides of the law. The myth of Earp as the virtuous defender of law and order was largely the creation of Ned Buntline, a dime-novel writer.

When the Earps and their pal, Doc Holliday, left Tombstone after the gunfight at the OK Corral, the Arizona community was far from "clean." If anything, crime was more rampant than ever before.

The man who put on the tin star and really mopped up the Territory was "Texas" John Slaughter. Slaughter was quick with his wits, fast on the draw with his pearl-handled revolver, and doggedly determined to make Tombstone a decent city. To aid him in this goal, John Slaughter had one marvelous advantage—he had a sixth sense.

A successful rancher before he moved to Arizona and took on the job of lawman for Tombstone Territory, Slaughter was accustomed to rubbing up against tough *hombres.*

"But I've got a guardian angel that protects me," he would tell his friends when they would seek to caution him. "These owl hoots and gunslicks can't even dent me. I'm going to die in bed when I'm good and ready."

Once when he was riding his famous gray horse on his way to buy some cattle, he received the warning "buzz" which told him that he was approaching danger. When Texas John got the signal, he never argued with it for a moment. He rode into the town of Tubac and visited with a storekeeper until he received the "all-clear" signal.

Later that day, three men from the Curly Bill Brocius gang, Slaughter's archenemy, rode into Tubac. Over beers in the saloon, they were overheard to be cursing their luck for missing Texas John. It seemed that Curly Bill had learned of Slaughter's cattle-buying trip and had sent his men to lie in ambush for him.

One night Slaughter and his wife were driving home to their ranch in the buckboard when John suddenly handed the reins to Mrs. Slaughter and unholstered his gun.

"You drive," he told his startled wife. "We are going to be a whole lot safer if I've got my gun in my hand."

Slaughter had barely finished speaking when a horseman emerged from the shadows, and the angry features of rustler Ike Clanton were distinguishable in the bright moonlight. The tough old patriarch of the outlaw clan had sworn to kill Slaughter, and he had his six-shooter already drawn. But when the moonlight glinted off the revolver in Texas John's hand, Clanton turned his horse and rode on without speaking a word or firing a shot.

The lawman's sixth sense did not lose its effectiveness with age. On the evening of May 4, 1921, the old frontier sheriff got the danger signal while sitting in his dining room reading the evening paper.

"Get away from that open window and get your gun!" his faithful "guardian angel" seemed to scream into his ear.

He was in the bedroom buckling on his gunbelt when the two shots rang out that killed his foreman, Jes Fisher. When the four ranch hands involved in the plot were arrested, it was learned that Slaughter was also to have been killed. One of the conspirators had been

drawing a bead on Texas John, who sat reading in front of the window, when the old lawman suddenly jumped out of sight. Another instant over his newspaper and Slaughter, an easy target under the reading lamp, would have been shot.

Once again, John Slaughter's guardian angel had sent the warning in time so that the prophecy that the old lawman would die in bed might come true. John Horton Slaughter passed away in 1922, the victim of a stroke, not a gunman's bullet.

THE PAINTER AND THE PHANTOM PRIEST

Maxo Vanka has established himself as a painter of what are generally considered to be the best church murals in America. In the November 20, 1960 issue of *Grit* newspaper, he revealed that he had once painted a mural in the presence of a ghost.

Vanka had been commissioned by the Croatian Catholic Church in Millvale, Pennsylvania, to prepare some extensive murals in time for a church celebration. The festive occasion was only two months away, and Vanka was quick to appraise the situation and to realize that he would have to work day and night in order to complete the murals when desired. He at once set himself on a rigid schedule which would find him working from early morning until after midnight.

It was on his third night that Vanka was startled nearly off his scaffolding by a long and powerful note which suddenly boomed from the electrically operated organ. If it were a practical joke, it had indeed been a dangerous one. The artist had stood poised in the silence of an empty church at midnight. The sudden blast of the organ could have sent him toppling to the pews below. Vanka lowered himself to the floor, investigated, found no one in the church other than himself.

On the following night, the painter looked down from his scaffolding to see a dark-robed figure standing in front of the altar. Vanka had set up floodlights to illuminate his work, and he was able to see the man clearly. Thinking that it was the pastor of the church, Reverend Albert Zagar, at meditations, Vanka went back to his painting. When he happened to glance in that direction again, he was surprised to see that the man had vanished.

When the figure materialized on the next night, Vanka was able to see that it was not Father Zagar who stood before the altar. There, clearly spotlighted in the brilliance of the floodlamps, was the image of a man in the long, flowing robes of a priest; but the identity of the strange clergyman was a complete mystery to the painter. Once again, when Vanka's attention was directed elsewhere, the dark-robed figure vanished.

The puzzle was beginning to irritate Vanka and to distract him from his work. He knew that only he and Father Zagar had keys to the church. If someone were entering the sanctuary late at night to pray, he could do so only with the priest's key.

Deciding to investigate, the painter found Father Zagar asleep in a chair in the rectory.

Gently rousing the clergyman from his sleep, Vanka asked him if he had been in the church on either of the last two nights or if he had made a loan of his key to another priest.

"Why no," Father Zagar replied, stifling a yawn, "I must have dozed off some time ago. And there is no other priest to whom I have lent my keys." Then, adding a mischievous postscript with just a trace of a chuckle, the priest said: "You must have seen our ghost. Several people claim to have seen a black-robed figure prowling about in the church late at night."

"If you think it is a joke," Vanka told the priest soberly, "you be in the church tomorrow night."

Father Zagar complied with the painter's request, and that night he, too, observed the nocturnal meditations of the phantom at the altar. On the following night and for many nights in succession, Vanka, Father Zagar, and numerous other witnesses studied the ghost in its nightly visitations.

One night they were amazed to see the mysterious figure light the altar candles. These candles continued to burn even after the phantom had disappeared.

On another midnight, the ghostly visitor blew out the flames of the altar lamp. Father Zagar was stunned. The lamp had been designed so that it could not be extinguished by air currents.

In spite of such eerie diversions, Vanka finished the church murals in time for the celebration. It is highly unlikely, however, that the painter found such other-worldly visitations to be especially conducive to meeting his deadline.

THE MAN WHO CAN BE IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE

Paul Twitchell of San Diego, California, has mastered the ancient science of bilocation and has become a man who can truly be in two places at the same time.

Twitchell is reputed to be a member of a secret world brotherhood of adepts who use this facility of being able to get in and out of the body to heal others, even at a distance, and to predict the future. This science of soul travel is termed Eckankar.

According to Twitchell, the purpose of this science is simple—it is a path to God. "Eckankar is not a philosophy, occult system, religion, or a metaphysical theory," he explains. "It is only a path to God. Just one of many paths, but the one which I know best since I have used it since childhood."

Twitchell has often told the story of how his stepsister was the one who first introduced him to soul travel and spiritual healing.

He was but five years old when he became terribly ill. Pleurisy set in and he hovered on the edge of death. His father was overseas at the time, and his stepmother would take no action on her own.

"It was my sister who interceded," Twitchell says. "She did it by one of the oldest methods, out-of-the-body projection and healing of the astral body which reacted upon the physical and made it whole again.

"She slipped into my room late that night, which was likely to have been my last one, sat down beside the bed in a lotus posture, took a couple of deep breaths, and slipped out of her physical form into the Atma Sarup, the soul body.

"She took me out with her, also in the soul body, and we hung off the ceiling like a pair of eyes viewing the body on the bed below. We were now looking at my astral body which hung upright over the bed. It was like a large X ray of my human form."

Twitchell remembers that his stepsister accomplished the healing by impressing the thought that he would be made whole again upon both his astral and his physical body.

"Instantly I knew that all was well and that the living clay lying on the bed would be my temple again. However, I was reluctant to go back into the body. But my stepsister impressed me again that it was necessary.

"The next moment I remembered awakening to find

the family standing by the bed, completely surprised at the swift recovery of their youngest child. Two weeks later when my father returned home I heard him thank my stepsister for saving my life; it seemed that he had projected himself to the house, from overseas, for the same reason, only to find my stepsister taking care of it."

Twitchell maintains that healing in this manner is one of the oldest arts and that many of the saints of all faiths were capable of healing by use of the soul body.

"But healing is only one aspect of Eckankar," Twitchell emphasizes. "Its primary purpose is to give the soul an opportunity to travel the ancient, secret path to the true realm of God."

Twitchell has become something of a legend in his own time. Many people believe that he is the living master of this age, but no one has solved completely the enigma of his origins. It has been said that he was born on a Mississippi riverboat over a hundred years ago. Others deny this and make a remarkable claim that Twitchell was born in the Caucasus Mountains in the late seventeenth century!

When asked to pinpoint his birthdate, Twitchell will usually smile good-naturedly and reply: "Oh, I'll be a hundred and seventy-nine on my next birthday."

Original birth records for Paul Twitchell are impossible to obtain. He produced a birth certificate for the Navy during World War II, but it doesn't look too authentic.

A prominent European explorer who was in Tibet at the turn of the century had this to say: "While en route to Lhasa in 1902, we put up at a remote monastery in the mountains. I found another traveler stopping there, who went by the name of Peddar Zaskq. He appeared to be in his middle thirties and was definitely not an Oriental. He was amazingly alert and had a vast knowledge about an old religious science called Eckankar Yoga, that only the inner circles of the Lamas in Tibet know.

"His traveling companion was an extraordinary Lama, known as Rebazar Tarzs. They kept to themselves, mainly because the monks avoided them. When the two departed the next day, I was told by some monks that the two were en route south to India, and the Lama was over five hundred years old, but couldn't give the other's age. Thought was that he was somewhat over a hundred. Later, I linked the name of Peddar Zaskq and Paul Twitchell to be the same."

Whether or not the European explorer saw Paul Twitchell in the mountains of Tibet in 1902, the adept from San Diego, appears, in 1967, to be in his late thirties. Although immediately responsive and cordial via the mails, Twitchell remains somewhat aloof to excessive personal contact with others and often refuses to talk with anyone even by telephone. He does occasionally give public lectures, and he conducts workshops in controlled bilocation at the California Parapsychology Foundation in San Diego, but he prefers to perform his ministry through the mails or outside the physical consciousness with those whom he has contacted as students or as interested parties.

Twitchell's files contain letters which testify to the fact that those who solicit his prayers for healing have immediate results the moment their letters are mailed. Many claimed to have talked with Twitchell personally in their own homes while the adept's body lay several thousand miles away in his cottage on the Southern California coast. His personal friends have reported seeing him in various parts of the world when they knew that Twitchell's physical body was resting quietly in his home facing the Pacific Ocean. A man in Ceylon claims that Paul Twitchell appears to him daily between two and five o'clock for spiritual discussions. A letter from a woman credits him with saving her life when her car went out of control on a mountain road.

Mrs. Jessica L. Walker wrote of the time when she had pressed Twitchell for an interview. After they had walked along the beach for some time, she turned to say

goodbye, ". . . but then something happened. He took my hand in a firm clasp and held it momentarily while his strange, blue eyes penetrated clean to my inner self. He seemed to be looking through me. For a moment I saw the cosmic worlds go spinning past into space, and a strange white light which fell around me like a curtain. It throbbed with an electrical pulsing. I experienced the sublime feeling of being lifted out of the body into the very arms of God. It was a moment of supreme bliss.

"Then I saw that I was standing far out, above the earth looking down at the two of us on the windy beach with the surf in the background.

"There was no fear. He was at my side, smiling at my astonishment. It was the strangest experience that I could have believed to happen to me."

Twitchell comments that some *chelas* in his workshops are able to get out of their bodies within minutes after he has shown them how to use the methods which he worked out for himself, following years of study under several high spiritual teachers.

"Most people can do bilocation easily, for it is as normal as eating and sleeping," he insists. "I have taught dozens of persons how to do it successfully under their own control. Some in a single session and others who take a little longer."

Twitchell is the only known Occidental teaching the ancient science of controlled bilocation. "It is my mission in life," he states. "My stepsister and I studied under Sudar Singh in Allahabad, India, who was quite proficient in this phenomenon. Later I found Rebazar Tarzs, the great Tibetan Lama, who was teaching Eckankar. This Yogi is fantastic and though he seems to be in his middle forties, it is said that he is several hundred years old. I have no way of proving this, but Rebazar Tarzs is a master of bilocation and can easily appear in two places at the same time regardless of distance."

Twitchell has utilized bilocation throughout his entire life, for example, while hunting gold in New Guinea, while diving for pearls in South America, in penetrating the dark mysteries of Voodoo in the West Indies, while attempting to scale an Alaskan mountain peak, and once when his car brakes failed and he nearly went over a steep cliff.

His friends like to tell of the time when Twitchell was imprisoned in a South American jail because of passport difficulties. To confound his jailers, Twitchell appeared in a downtown square while his physical body was lying on a bunk in the jail cell. The officers were nearly driven to nervous distraction trying to keep up with a man who could be in two places at the same time.

"Bilocation has served me during my newspaper career, while serving as a Navy officer during World War II, as a public relations counselor, and in my present career as an author," Twitchell affirms.

Among the adept's writings are several discourses from many teachers who appear to him in their light bodies, although their physical bodies may be thousands of miles away. Twitchell and the Tibetan Lama, Rebazar Tarzs, are able to keep their relationship ever fresh by "corresponding" in such a manner.

Eckankar Yoga has gained a wide following in the intellectual and college circles of Western Europe, since a number of Twitchell's works have been published in European journals.

"The philosophy of Eckankar is that we have proof of survival after death," Twitchell says. "This is something that many people do not believe, especially the Existentialist crowd. The true purpose of Eckankar is to offer a path to God by offering total awareness via soul travel."

WHAT OF THE FLYING AUTOMOBILES?

Have you seen any flying automobiles lately? Several motorists who travel the turnpikes claim that they have, and turnpike officals have revealed that a number of inquiries have been received concerning airborne autos.

Lieutenant John L. Bishop, of the Ohio Turnpike Patrol, puts the stories down as rumors, but adds that he does not know what prompts them.

Others are not so certain. A salesman traveling for a large pharmaceutical company claims that he actually saw "a driver step on the gas and the car fly a few feet off the ground as it passed a large truck."

A housewife driving in Pennsylvania received a large helping of ridicule from her husband when she told him that she had witnessed a car cruising along with its tires a foot off the ground. Her spouse apologized when, at a neighborhood cookout that night, his best friend testified that he had witnessed the same phenomenon.

A truck-driver, who swears that he never touches pep pills or goof balls, told a highway patrolman that he had seen an automobile accelerate, rise several feet into the air, then change its course in midair, land, and head in the other direction.

It is difficult to trace the origin of these stories. They most often end up with the disclaimer that "I heard it from someone else." The stories have a number of points in common, however. The automobiles which are most often reported to possess such gravity-defying potential are two well-known makes of a 1959 vintage. The "take-off" most often occurs when the autos are passing other vehicles, particularly large trucks. This has led some aeronautical engineers to speculate that the rumors could be based on reports of automobiles which have been pulled into fast-moving truck-trailers because of the low pressure and suction created by high speeds. This, of course, could happen to any make and model of automobile, and any motorist can attest to the strong "pull" which is felt when passing a large truck-trailer on the highway.

But those who have seen the "flying autos" are not convinced by any such application of aerodynamics. Some excited witnesses have even ventured the theory that adventuresome and exploring parties of aliens have disguised their flying saucers to look like certain models of earth vehicles.

The reports continue to come in from all over the United States. Have you seen a flying automobile? If you have, I would certainly like to hear about it.

THE BEES REMEMBERED

Friends and members of Old Sam Rodgers' family are mystified about the strange behavior of Sam's bees. So are the qualified bee experts of Shropshire, England.

Old Sam was the local postman, cobbler, and handyman in the small county of Myddle. Although he was always kept busy with a multitude of jobs, interests, and pursuits, Old Sam's great love was for his bees. Each day he would go out to the hives and care for the busy and buzzing "members of his family," all the while talking

tenderly to the insects as if they could understand his every word and every gesture of good will and affection.

Then, one day, Old Sam did not come to the hives. Sam Rogers had died.

His children, aware of the old customs and beliefs of Myddle, knew that they would have to tell the bees that their master had died, or the bees would leave the hives forever. Two of the bee-master's children walked reverently down the path to the hives and solemnly "told" the bees of the passing of their beloved keeper.

On the Sunday after Old Sam's burial, the parishioners began running about and calling to the parson to come and see what was happening. The Reverend John Ayling later said that he witnessed ". . . bees coming from the direction of Mr. Sam Rodgers' hives, which are a mile away. The bees were formed in an enormous line, something like a funeral procession, and headed straight for their master's grave. Once they had circled the gravestone, the bees flew back to their hives.

"I just don't know logically how to explain this visitation of the bees to Old Sam's grave. The only answer I can come up with is that the bees had come to pay their last respects and say their goodbyes to their old master."

THE SPOOK THAT LIKES TO PLAY BASEBALL

Alvin Laubheim is the owner of a Miami, Florida, business which supplies novelties and souvenirs to dime stores. "I never believed in ghosts," he told newsmen on January 17, 1967, "until one started busting up my warehouse."

The pesky poltergeist showed up on Thursday, January 12th, and created such havoc, according to Laubheim, that "one girl quit, and she hasn't even been back to pick up her pay."

Laubheim put in an immediate call to the police, and Miami Patrolman William G. Killin entered the warehouse in time to be struck in the back by a flying object. Patrolman Killin put in a call for reinforcements. The sergeant and two patrolmen who answered his summons were, to put it mildly, highly skeptical of their fellow officer's statement that he had been pelted by a ghost. The atmosphere in the warehouse, however, was a bit more convincing. The officers had not been there long when the invisible jokester tossed some small items on the floor.

Figuring that even a poltergeist should have some respect for the law, the sergeant drew his revolver and announced: "I'll shoot the first thing that moves."

"Things" started moving all over the warehouse. The sergeant looked about the place in complete bewilderment. Then, realizing that the spook had called his bluff, he slid his revolver back in its holster.

The warehouse measures about 50 by 30 feet. Shelving, up to three feet in depth, runs around the room and there are bins for merchandise in the interior.

On Monday, January 16th, the poltergeist amused itself by throwing baseballs around the warehouse. The energetic spook may have been enjoying itself, but Laubheim failed to see the humor in the situation.

"All night long it played baseball," he sighed wearily. "It threw baseballs all over the room. About one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars in merchandise was destroyed by those baseballs."

Susy Smith, a well-known psychic researcher, investigated the reports and afterward declared: "I've investigated numerous poltergeists, but this is the first time I've witnessed one at work."

"Last night," Laubheim told newsmen, "we put a glass milk bottle on the shelf. This morning it crashed to the floor. Glass ash trays have come up out of the cartons and smashed. A box of two gross of pencil sharpeners—one of considerable weight—came flying down."

Laubheim has a list of sixteen witnesses—not counting his own workers or delivery people—who have actually seen the poltergeist at work, tossing objects about the warehouse.

"I'm firmly convinced it's nothing in this world that causes these things to happen," the businessman said.

"I'm a very skeptical man. I've never been able to believe in religion, but now it's converting me into something.

"I don't know what."

THE CHARWOMAN WHO WAS BORN AGAIN

In 1933, European psychologists were mystified by the incredible case of Iris Farczady, a fifteen-year-old girl in Budapest, who seemed to have been "reborn" as a Spanish charwoman.

"Iris is dead," Mrs. Farczady told Cornelius Tabori, a well-known psychic investigator, when he arrived for an interview with the family. "She left us in August. She who lives with us now is called Lucia—a woman from Madrid."

Mr. Farczady was a chemical engineer. His wife was the daughter of a distinguished Viennese officer. Such a respected family as the Farczadys would seem to have nothing to gain and much to lose by attempting to perpetrate a hoax.

Mrs. Farczady told Tabori that she had always prided herself on being an enlightened, level-headed woman. Her daughter, Iris, had been a brilliant pupil—an outstanding mathematician and a linguist, who had studied French and German.

"Then, that night in August, she felt ill. I put her to bed and sat with her. Suddenly she gave a long sigh. Somehow I knew that my darling, clever daughter had died.

"I bent over to listen to her heart; it was still beating. But I was right. My daughter had died. The person who had taken her body awoke, shouting in some foreign tongue. We tried to calm her, but she did not understand us. She jumped from the bed and tried to run from the house. She kept mentioning Pedro and Madrid. At last we realized that she was speaking Spanish."

Try as the family would to communicate with Iris, she would speak only Spanish. She could neither understand nor speak a single word of Hungarian, French, or German. It took the combined efforts of the large Farczady clan to teach her some German so that they might be able to converse with her.

Tabori addressed Iris in German and received a violent protest because he had not called her by her "real" name.

"My name is Lucia Salvio," she corrected him in her heavily accented German. During the interview, she explained to Tabori that she had felt very ill that August afternoon in Madrid. Her husband, Pedro, had been away at work. When she realized that she was dying, her first concern had been for her fourteen children—one for each year of their marriage.

Later that day, Mrs. Farczady commented to Tabori on the great diversity of temperament between her serious, studious Iris and the gay Lucia, who sang and danced for them.

"When I first looked into the mirror after coming here, I was shocked," Lucia-Iris told the researcher. "I wondered what had happened to me and where my black eyes and thick dark hair had gone. Now I find it quite pleasing that in my new life, I am such a lovely young girl. My only regret is for my poor motherless children."

To seek substantiation for the strange story from a member outside of the immediate family circle, Tabori later visited Dr. Tibor Huempfner, a Cistercian professor who had spent many years in Madrid. The professor remarked that he had been astounded when the girl spoke Spanish to him and described the churches of Madrid in great detail. Huempfner had also been present at a party where Iris-Lucia had amazed a Spanish teacher by speaking to him in a perfect Madrid dialect.

In the annals of psychical research, the dramatic case of Iris-Lucia Farczady-Salvio has become known as a classic example of transmutation, the restoration of a soul in a new body.

WITCHES, WIZARDS, AND WARLOCKS

The old woman sucked methodically at her corncob pipe and absently stirred the contents of the bubbling cauldron with a wooden ladle.

She did not turn around when she heard the footsteps in the doorway of her cottage. "Come on in, Becky Sue," she invited, in her high-pitched, crackling voice. "Don't just stand there gawkin'."

"How'd you know it was me?" the wide-eyed girl asked the old woman who still had her back turned to her.

The old woman cackled by way of an answer.

"Granny Harper," Becky Sue began, nervously pushing words past her fright, "I come here 'cause I need your help."

"That's the only reason anyone comes to visit old Granny," the old woman observed, her eyes still intent on the odious contents of her cauldron. "I suppose it's about the Pearson boy," Granny said, her voice suddenly soft and sympathetic.

All Becky Sue could do was nod dumbly. It was true. Everything people said about Granny Harper was true. She really did know everything. She really and truly was a witch. Sitting there bent over a cauldron in the fireplace, her not even looking around and knowing who was there, her not even waiting to find out what was wrong but somehow already knowing.

"Come here, child," Granny bade her. "Come look in this kettle."

Becky Sue hesitated at first, like Gretel refusing to obey the command to look into the oven. Then, timidly, she obeyed the old woman's soft-voiced order. When she looked into the bubbling cauldron, she sucked in her breath in a nameless kind of surprise and horror. There, shimmering on the boiling surface of the strange liquid, was an image of Kenny Pearson—her Ken—strolling arm-in-arm with that awful Nancy Lee Wilkins.

Becky Sue tried to control the flood of tears that stung her eyes, but they seemed to flow free of their own volition. "I hate that terrible girl," she choked out between her sobs.

"There, there, child," Granny comforted. "You've just learned one of the basic facts about men. They have big, greedy eyes. When they're young and in their prime, they want to take a bite out of as many ears in the corn-field as they can."

"But we was planning on getting married," Becky Sue insisted. "He's got no call to mess around with that snippy Nancy Lee. It's all her fault. She's witched him!"

Granny cackled at the girl's embarrassment when

Becky Sue realized what she had said. "Don't look at me, Becky Sue," she said. "I ain't had nothing to do with it. That girl works plenty magic of her own."

"Well," said Becky Sue, "I want to work some magic, too!'

Granny smiled at the young girl with the determined pout. "You mean you want to work some magic with my help. What you got to give me?"

Becky Sue reached into a skirt pocket and brought out a gold-plated locket with an ivory inlay. "It belonged to Ma."

Granny sobered, studied the heirloom critically. "It'll do," she decided. She rose from her fireplace stool for the first time and tottered to a doorless cupboard cluttered with dozens of bottles of varied size and color. "Now you take this here bottle and mind what I tell you. Put a drop behind each ear and two drops into Kenny's coffee next time he comes calling and everything's going to be all right."

"But he ain't been around for going on a week now," Becky Sue protested.

"He'll be around tonight, child," Granny assured her. "He'll come knocking while you're doing the dishes and your pa has run into town for cigars. That's when you get your chance to magic him."

"How long I got to keep dosing him?" Becky Sue wondered, looking anxiously at the small bottle for which she had bartered the only thing of value her ma had to leave her when she died.

Granny cackled merrily. "Just long enough for you to work some magic of your own!"

The witch in action—is she magic-maker, miracle-worker, herb specialist, practical nurse, clever amateur psychologist, or is she all of these things?

Every primitive culture has its witch, shaman, or wizard. The myth of the witch is present in our own culture from the Bible's witch of Endore to Dorothy's nemesis on the road to Oz, but the real-life, practicing witches are very much among us today, too.

On the one hand, to deny the existence of witches is comparable to denying the existence of Christians, Jews, Buddhists, and Mohammedans, for witchcraft constitutes an active religion, which is devoutly practiced by some of its adherents. For these people, what we term witchcraft is a very old form of nature worship that has survived through the centuries from pre-Christian times. Its central figure is that of Pan, the goat-legged god of the forest.

For others, witchcraft and/or black magic is symbolical, and its practitioners maintain that its incantations and ancient formulas actually make use of many scientific truths. They practice witchcraft for self-gain or for the expansion of their personal knowledge of the universe.

For still others, witchcraft offers an outlet for jaded passions and antisocial behavior that culminates in blasphemous orgies and degrading rituals.

Each of the three approaches to the doctrines of witchcraft differs completely from the others. When one speaks of a "witch," he must be careful to define his usage of the term. Is he referring to an adherent of an ancient religion, an occultist seeking to manipulate supernatural forces for self-gain, or a pseudosophisticate who uses a free translation of the original rituals as a release for his inner hostilities and frustrations?

Mass observation of the practice of witchcraft achieved its greatest popularity during the tormented fourteenth century A.D. These were times of terrible famines and wars, and of the Black Death which carried off perhaps half the population of Europe. These were times of suffering, despair, and iron-handed oppression by the clergy and the nobility.

Papal secretaries fulminated against reports of regular gatherings of witches and their followers in the Basque

country of southern France and the Black Forest of Germany. Rumors of a gathering of over 100,000 near Toulouse set in motion the torture machines of the Inquisition. From these contemporary reports, it can safely be asserted that a great number of the common people of Europe regularly attended the Sabbats, which were dedicated to the old gods of fertility and nature.

To combat the reinstitution of the primitive rituals, king and clergy checkmated the serf by declaring even his most innocent amusements, fairy tales, and celebrations as Satanic and thereby punishable by torture or burning.

The efficiently damning machinery of the Inquisition went into operation, with envy, hatred, and greed adding red-hot coals to its flesh-searing pincers and branding irons. Witch-hunting soon became an industry. It employed judges, jailers, torturers, exorcists, woodchoppers, scribes, and experts to destroy the witches who were fomenting rebellion among the serfs. Witch persecutors were craftsmen with professional pride; and, earning their daily bread by the blood of others, they were intensely interested in the continuation of full-scale persecution.

Soon the inquisitors had discovered an infallible method of perpetuating their craft. Under torture, a witch could be made to name his accomplices. One trial could thereby give birth to a hundred. It mattered little if the accused might be innocent of the charges brought against him. After a few days of the rack, the water torture, and the branding iron, even a clergyman would confess to polishing the devil's boots.

The number of witches and celebrants executed has been estimated as high as nine million during the four centuries of organized persecution.

As the centuries passed and the social structure changed, so did the significance of the Black Sabbat. By no means did it disappear, but the countryfolk had learned to celebrate the Sabbat in small, private observances. By the middle of the fifteenth century, the Black Sabbat had become a synonym for debauched and perverted orgies as the jaded aristocracy began to adapt the rites to serve as a relief from the tedium of court intrigues.

In 1679, Paris police arrested a confessed witch named La Voisin, who celebrated the Sabbat for the decadent nobility. The ribald rites, held deep in the bowels of La Voisin's house, featured no less a personage than Madame de Montespan (the beautiful mistress of King Louis XIV), who served as a living altar for the Black Mass.

Examining an oven in the chamber where the Sabbat was held, the police were horrified to discover the bones of eight children. At her trial, La Voisin calmly confessed that she had personally sacrificed 2500 infants in the performance of the Sabbat.

That the witch and wizard had power over the common people in the period from 120 A.D. to the Renaissance cannot be denied. It seems, however, highly doubtful that the ordinary, run-of-the-mill witch was capable of souring even one cow's udder, hexing one field of corn, or bouncing one young man into the arms of an eager maid. Even the traditional broomstick ride of the witch seems to have been an hallucination engendered by narcotic salves which the celebrants rubbed into their naked bodies before departing for the Sabbat.

This is not to minimize the various impressive tricks which may have been found in any good witch's repertoire. Modern pharmacology traces its origins back to the witch's herb bag, and the witch in the forest hut served as just about the only honest doctor to which a common man in the Middle Ages might turn. But the recorded instances of a witch, wizard, or warlock actually succeeding in summoning up a supernatural entity and domesticating it are simply not to be found. Gilles de Raiz, who considered himself an excellent sorcerer and a dedicated practitioner of the Black Arts, sacrificed thousands of infants without ever succeeding in transforming one lump of lead into gold.

It seems more likely that certain gifted witches developed the ability to control such powers of mind as telepathy, clairvoyance, levitation, and astral projection—all of which produce phenomena similar to the "supernatural acts" attributed to traditional witchcraft.

The last public witch-burning in Europe took place in Switzerland in 1793. This statement should not be interpreted to mean that there are no longer any witches in Europe. The fact that the last public execution of a witch was performed in the 1700's is simply to say that now they put witches into jail if a court should declare them guilty.

An article in a recent issue of the *Hessian Criminal Police Gazette* by reporter Johann Kruse states that nearly every town in Germany still has its "devil's servant." The article observes that as many as seventy lawsuits involving accusations of witchcraft are up before German courts each year. According to Kruse, these lawsuits involve only a tiny fraction of the over 10,000 "witch-doctors" who practice various forms of therapeutic white magic or destructive black magic for fees ranging up to two hundred dollars per treatment.

Witchcraft has reappeared in such great strength in County Kerry, Ireland, that the local clergy have mounted their pulpits to direct scathing attacks against the "old religion." The symbols of the *pishoguery* (Irish name for sorcery and witchcraft) that have been found by the frightened villagers date back to a time before St. Patrick burned the written incantations of the Druids.

Things have never been better for the African witch-doctor. The twentieth-century facts of independence and education have not affected him in the least. Visitors to certain tribal villages may even be treated to the fascinating incongruity of seeing an expensive foreign car parked outside the "doctor's" aboriginal hut. Other witch-doctors have taken to city life and employ staffs and secretaries to aid them in diagnosis and correspondence. Many African students continue to consult witch-doctors in home villages about problems which they meet in the United States. One bright and attractive student told me of losing a precious object in her dormitory only to have her witch-doctor write to tell her exactly where the object lay hidden. Even more startling was the fact that she had not yet written to the witch-doctor about her loss. He had been able to "see" her need from a vantage point which was several thousand miles away.

The anti-witchcraft laws were repealed in England just a few years ago in a belated gesture of religious freedom. Now that the covens have begun to practice their faith openly, some witches have indiscreetly mussed up a few of the village churches, disinterred a few corpses in country graveyards, and incurred the wrath of the clergy and the townspeople.

And what about the New World?

In Ciudad Victoria, Mexico, in June 1963, federal police rounded up the members of a cult which had been responsible for at least six human sacrifices. The victims had had their hearts ripped from their living bodies in what appears to have been a bizarre combination of ancient Aztec sacrificial rituals and European witch-lore. Mexico, along with the continent of South America, offers a strange study in the amalgamation of traditional European witchcraft and the ancient lore of the Indian medicine-man.

In Hamilton, Ontario, on February 14, 1963, a young woman of twenty-one appeared in Magistrate's Court on the charge of practicing witchcraft.

The United States and Canada have never had an epidemic of witchcraft since the terrible days of Salem, but the covens have always remained active in their own underground movement.

Today, both the Americas and Europe are experiencing a remarkable resurgence of witchcraft, and the covens continue to spring up in some of the most unlikely

cities. Minneapolis, Minnesota, for instance, has an extremely active circle of practitioners.

For the majority of people, who think of witches only in such terms as Elizabeth Montgomery twitching her cute little nose or that ugly hag hounding Snow White to take a bite of *that* apple, the very idea of witchcraft has always seemed to have been the invention of some warped Walt Disney of the Middle Ages. But make no mistake: the witches are very real and very much among us. Not, of course, as broom-riding, night-flying harridans, but as members of an ancient religion whose basic tenets hold that the physical world is only a part of reality and that there are many subtle forces which are not perceptible to the physical senses.

MICHELLE READS AT 34 MONTHS

"Looks like someone is going to do some heavy reading," a bemused passenger asked the stewardess on the flight to Paducah, Kentucky.

"They're for the little girl up there with her mother," the stewardess remarked. "It pacifies kids to be able to flip through magazines and look at pictures."

Little Michelle Robins was turning around in her seat, impatiently awaiting the arrival of the stewardess with her supply of reading material. The stewardess noted the child's impatience as she approached her seat, and flashed the girl a warm smile.

"Here you are, honey," the stewardess said. "Lots of pretty pictures for you to look at. Can you find me a cow? See if you can find me a cow."

Michelle Robins blinked up at the smiling stewardess. In an almost condescending manner she began to flip the pages of the magazine. "Here's a picture of a cow," she said finally "and the ad which accompanies it is promoting a new dairy product. I'll read it for you."

The stewardess' smile froze on her lips and her eyes widened to an unbecoming stare. The child couldn't be more than three years old, yet there she sat, reading the advertising copy in the magazine as easily as an adult.

"How old are you, honey?" the stewardess asked as she knelt beside the girl.

Michelle smiled, held up two fingers. "This many," she said, then, extending another finger, she added proudly, "but I'll soon be this many."

"Michelle is thirty-four months old," Mrs. Robins told the astonished stewardess.

"But," the stewardess protested, "she reads!"

"Since she was fourteen months," Mrs. Robins admitted.

In December of 1966, Mrs. Robins elaborated for newsmen, who had learned of little Michelle's phenomenal ability to absorb books and magazines.

"We were driving along the highway one day," she recalled, "and there was a sign in front of a service station. Michelle read it without an error."

Since that astonishing day when she was fourteen months old, Michelle has graduated to the Bible, religious periodicals, encyclopedias, children's books, and, according to her mother, "just about anything she can get her hands on."

Michelle's special passion is the cactus plant.

"She loves cactus," Mrs. Robins said. "And she'll correct you if you mispronounce the name of a species of cactus. She can name and identify four varieties. And she uses the proper Mexican pronunciations."

The thirty-four-month-old bookworm from Midland, Texas, has a little trouble with mathematics, however. Mrs. Robins confessed that the child could only count to 30 and that the numeral 11 comes out eleventeen." For a little girl who has not yet turned three, this does not seem to be too great a handicap.

FRANCE'S MOST FAMOUS GHOST

France has a ghost that has become so well established in its history that it is mentioned in scores of books, official records, and in Napoleon's memoirs.

According to legend, the ghost appeared to some of the nation's most notable personages for over 260 years. Its habitat seemed primarily to be the Louvre and the Tuileries in Paris. Known as "the little red man," the ghost became well known as a harbinger of tragedy.

Catherine de Medici is said to have been the first person to have confronted the apparition.

It was in 1564, during the construction of the Tuileries, that the lady came face to face with a gnome-like creature dressed completely in scarlet. It soon became apparent to the haughty Catherine that her unannounced companion was not a man of flesh and blood, and she interpreted the visitation as an omen of bad luck. Scarlet was an appropriate color for the ghost to wear, for Catherine had already begun to stir up trouble between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants in France, and it was she who induced the king to order the terrible St. Bartholomew's Day massacre of the Huguenots.

The little red man appeared to Henry IV just before the monarch was assassinated by an insane schoolteacher.

Startled chambermaids discovered the scarlet-clad gnome in the bed of Louis XVI at the time that the threatened king was making a futile attempt to escape the machinations of the French revolutionaries. Guards claimed to have seen the little red ghost in the prison where Louis and Marie Antoinette awaited their turn at the chopping block of the guillotine.

The red man is said to have materialized for Napoleon and to have made a bargain with the ambitious officer. According to the terms of the contract, Napoleon was to enjoy victory and triumph on the battlefields of Europe for a decade. When, at the termination of ten years of successful campaigning, Napoleon asked for a five-year extension, the little red gnome granted his request with the admonition that the greedy conqueror should not launch a campaign that would take him on Russian soil. Napoleon ignored the warning and met with a disaster which proved to be more significant than the physical coup de grace which came at Waterloo.

An appearance of the little red ghost was last reported in 1824, when Louis XVIII lay dying in the Tuileries. The mysterious, gnomelike apparition has, however, earned itself a strange but secure position in French history.

WHO HAS THE BONES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE?

If the ghost of Edgar Allan Poe walks at midnight, it no doubt chortles gleefully as it surveys the macabre graveyard in which its earthly remains were interred. What has happened to the Westminster Presbyterian Church Cemetery in downtown Baltimore is a horror story which is the equal of any conceived in the imagination of that tormented genius of American letters.

Poe died, either drunk or drugged, on a bleak October day in 1849. Two days later he was laid to rest next to the grave of his illustrious grandfather, Major David Poe, a Revolutionary War hero. Because of a most inefficient custom of the day, which seemed to care not one whit for the problems of posterity, the younger Poe's grave was left unmarked in the family plot.

Today a monument marks the alleged site of the author's grave, but there is ample reason to doubt whether the bones, which many tourists come annually to revere, are really those of Edgar Allan Poe.

In 1875, after the author had achieved posthumous fame, what were believed to have been Poe's remains were disinterred and shifted. It should have been relatively easy, at that date, to determine just whose bones were whose, except for one annoying fact: vandals had long since made off with the Major's gravestone. When what may have been Poe's remains were shifted, someone else's bones had to be similarly disturbed and moved about, and, in the process of all this grave swapping, no one can now say just exactly whose grave is whose.

When will all this confusion be resolved? Poe's raven would undoubtedly quote: "Nevermore."

To add another disturbing element to the plot of our horror story, it is quite possible that Poe's remains no longer rest in the cemetery at all. It is a well-known, albeit rather grisly fact, that medical students of the day were often forced to empty graves in order to secure fresh cadavers for the anatomy class dissecting table. In Baltimore, Westminster Cemetery seemed to bear the brunt of such ghoulish raids. Once irate residents of the area caught some medical students at their macabre "homework" and promptly hanged one of them on the corner of Baltimore and Greene streets as a dramatic sort of object lesson.

Conditions in the cemetery have been no better in our own century. In the 1920's, the neighborhood was well into a process of decay which was changing the area from a fashionable residential district into a slum.

Strange, bizarre things began happening in the graveyard at night.

A number of young men committed suicide by climbing to the top of the church steeple, winding the bell rope around their necks, and jumping to their deaths-by-hanging. An eerie tolling of the bell, set into clanging motion by the weight of a fresh corpse on the rope, would announce another suicide to the residents of the area.

Dr. Bruce McDonald, who served the Westminster Presbyterian Church as pastor until 1959, recalled the day in 1929 when he had his first look at the cemetery: "I found all the tombs in the graveyard open and children running about the street with skulls on broomsticks."

Youngsters in the area had, it seemed, discovered the cemetery to be a most fascinating playground and had begun to break into the vaults to make off with a skull, a bone, or even, in some instances, a complete skeleton.

Dr. McDonald also remembered the day in which a crypt was opened to accept a new body and the astonished caretaker discovered that another body had already taken its place. Police deduced that the decomposing corpse was that of a murder victim who had been locked into the vault alive. Shades of "The Cask of Amontillado" and "The Premature Burial"!

One of the results of such long-term grave robbing and cadaver switching is a great many empty crypts and vaults. In March 1966, a reporter investigated reports of smoke coming from a crypt and discovered a tramp cooking stew, happy in his snug little "home." Evidence of many past fires were apparent on the slab that had once held the remains of someone's dearly departed.

Periodic efforts to raise money to rehabilitate the cemetery end repeatedly in failure. However, tourists who make the pilgrimage to Poe's "grave" seem to find it quite appropriate that the resting place of the old master

of the macabre should be overgrown with weeds, cluttered with toppled gravestones, and eerie with the creaking hinges of open vault doors. No doubt Edgar would have been delighted.

ON THE TRAIL OF AMERICA'S ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN

Wanted: information leading to the capture of a Sasquatch, alias Big Foot, alias Wauk-Wauk, alias Saskehavis. Suspect is believed to be a two-footed mammal related to *Homo sapiens* and the ape family, even more primitive looking than Neanderthal man. Height: six to nine feet. Weight: 400 to 1000 pounds. Complexion: very ruddy. Eyes: black. Dress: reddish fur, approximately one inch in length, which covers the entire body except the soles of the feet, palms of the hands, eyelids, and nose. Hair: black, worn long. Suspect was last seen in the more remote regions of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Canada, and Alaska.

If a police bulletin were to go out on a Sasquatch, America's own variety of the Abominable Snowman, it would read very much like the above. If you have previously considered the occasional reports of Sasquatch sightings which find their way into the newspapers to be simply the result of a copy writer's rather bizarre sense of humor, then you should talk to some of the residents of the northwestern United States and Canada: they are not laughing.

Roger Patterson, a thirty-three-year-old Yakima, Washington, man, is determined to catch a Big Foot. A former rodeo contestant on the Northwest circuit, Patterson hopes to drop a lasso around the burly limb of a Sasquatch and bring to a close the mystery of these strange giants of the forests onçe and for all.

Patterson began his study of the Sasquatch as a skeptic and realizes fully the attitude of those who doubt the existence of an undiscovered race of monsters. "I know it seems fantastic to have giant hairy creatures roaming around this country, but if people could have been with me the past eight years, they would have no doubt about the existence of these huge creatures. I've never yet found a person, no matter how skeptical, who didn't become a believer after he had looked into the matter."

In the process of planning a 1967 expedition into the heart of Sasquatch country, Patterson told a reporter for the Yakima, Washington, *Eagle* that he did not mind being laughed at. "I just wish people would be willing to approach the subject with an open mind and give it some serious thought. This is going to be the greatest scientific find in the history of mankind."

Patterson said that the question which he is asked most frequently is, "If these giants do exist, then why don't people see them?"

To the Sasquatch hunter ". . . that is just the point. Many people have seen them. I have taped interviews with over twenty people who have seen the Sasquatch. Literally thousands of folks have found their tracks. There are dozens who have made plaster casts of the footprints. Even at that I have just begun to scratch the surface. Many people are afraid to tell their story for fear of being ridiculed, otherwise I would have much more information."

The Indians have known about the Sasquatch for centuries and have incorporated its presence into their legends and myths. Most of them, however, will grant a recital of the Sasquatch's genealogy only to a white man whom they have come to trust. One cannot blame the red man for feeling that he has had to take quite enough

from his pale-faced brethren without being ridiculed for answering a question not seriously asked. When an Indian does give an accounting of Big Foot, he always emphasizes the point that the giants were once much more numerous than they are today. For the most part, the Indians of today accept the presence of the Sasquatch in the same live-and-let-live spirit as did their forefathers.

Although sightings of the mysterious giants can be found recorded in the journals of the early settlers and woodsmen in the Northwest Territory, the first detailed account of a "wild apeman" appeared in the *Daily British Colonist* on July 4, 1884.

The news story detailed the discovery of "a creature who may truly be called half man and half beast," by a Canadian Pacific train crew. The apeman was captured after a chase by engineer Ned Austin, conductor R. J. Craig, and other members of the crew.

"Jacko, as the creature has been called, is something of the gorilla type, standing about four feet, seven inches in height and weighing one hundred and twenty-seven pounds. He has long, black, strong hair and resembles a human being with one exception: his entire body is covered with glossy hair about one inch long. His forearm is much longer than a man's and he possesses extraordinary strength, as he will take hold of a stick and break it by wrenching or twisting, which no man living could break in the same way."

A Mr. George Tilbury planned to take Jacko to England for purposes of exhibition, and, from that point on, the further history of Jacko becomes clouded. In 1959, an elderly resident of the area in which Jacko was captured substantiated the newspaper account and testified that there had indeed been an "apeman" which had been snared by a train crew.

In 1901, Mike King, a timber baron and prospector of almost legendary stature, spotted a Sasquatch washing roots in a creek on Vancouver Island. When the creature caught King's scent, it took off at great speed through the forest. The prospector would have shot the monster as a brown bear if something humanlike about the Sesquatch had not caused him to lower his rifle.

"He was covered with reddish-brown hair," King remembered years later. "His arms were peculiarly long and were used freely in climbing and bush-running . . . while his trail showed a distinct human foot but with phenomenally long and spreading toes."

On December 14, 1904, a party of hunters on Vancouver Island reported seeing a wild man "with long matted hair and a beard and covered with a profusion of hair all over the body."

The steamer *Capilano* was literally invaded by panic-stricken Indians on March 8, 1907. The Indians told the captain, crew, and passengers that they had been chased from their village by a ". . . wild man who appears on the beach at night, who howls in an unearthly fashion. . . ."

For the skeptics who think it impossible for a race of giants to exist virtually unnoticed in the twentieth century, Sasquatch hunter Roger Patterson has a ready answer. The Northwest, he points out, while no longer a frontier, still has numerous areas which are virtually inaccessible. It is in these areas, Patterson believes, that the mountain giants most often dwell. "And they are nocturnal. Most of them do their moving around at night."

For further illustration of how the Big Foot might maintain his privacy, Patterson mentioned the Squaw Mountain area thirty miles from Portland, Oregon, where an airliner had crashed in the early fall of 1966. "It took them three days with planes and helicopters to find the wreckage, and they, of course, knew the flight plan of the airliner. After they found the wreckage, the only way in was by helicopter . . . and still people ask, 'where would these giants hide?' By the same token, most wilderness areas have many cougars, but it is seldom that even the most ardent hunter sees one."

The Northwest contains several hundred thousand acres of woodlands which are inaccessible to any but the hardiest outdoorsman. It is in these areas that the Big Foot abound. There have been so many sightings of the Sasquatch around Mt. St. Helens in Washington State that the residents of the town of Cougar have named a canyon in the high foothills "Ape Canyon."

In 1924, a logger named Albert Ostman claimed that he had been kidnapped by a Sasquatch and brought home over the giant's massive shoulder to amuse the big fellow's family, and, it seemed, to serve as an unwilling bridegroom for his brutish daughter. According to Ostman, he was held a captive for a week by the doting father and his bashful daughter. The logger said that he made good his escape when his gigantic would-be father-in-law ate some tobacco and became thoroughly ill.

Ostman's tale sounds like something a logger might dream up around the pot-bellied stove in the bunkhouse on a cold winter's night.

But, in the fall of 1941, the Sasquatch made one of his first visits to civilization and a new status was given to the "legend" of old Big Foot.

Mrs. George Chapman and her five-year-old son, Jimmy, got a close look at the eight-foot-tall hulk that clumped across their potato patch to begin banging around in the lean-to shed at one end of their cabin near the settlement of Ruby Creek, Washington. Fleeing in terror while the monster's attention was diverted, Mrs. Chapman and Jimmy ran along the railroad tracks until they met George Chapman and the section gang.

Chapman left his hysterical wife and child at the home of a relative and set out with the men of the section gang to investigate the disturbance at his cabin. The men carried their rifles, because they were certain that Mrs. Chapman had been frightened by a maverick bear which had been made bold by the scent of pastry.

The tracks which they found deeply imprinted in a half-mile area had not been made by a bear. The prints measured sixteen inches in length and eight across the ball of the foot. In the soft earth of the Chapmans' potato patch, the men noted with amazement that the footprints sank in two inches. The creature's stride varied from four to five feet.

The railway men and the deputy sheriff who investigated their complaint are all thoroughly familiar with the prints left by a bear's paw. "I am well satisfied that these tracks were not those of a bear," Deputy Sheriff Joe Dunn declared.

William Roe, a trapper from Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, saw his Sasquatch in October of 1955.

"My first impression was of a huge man six feet tall, almost three feet wide and probably weighing somewhere near 300 pounds. It was covered from head to foot with dark brown silver-tipped hair.

"It came to within twenty feet of where I was hiding, sqatted down on its haunches, pulled the branches of bushes toward it with its hands, and stripped the leaves with its teeth, which were white and even. The head was higher at the back than front, the nose broad and flat, the lips and chin protruding, its ears shaped like a human's, its eyes small and black like a bear's."

Roe brought his rifle to his shoulder, then hesitated. He had fully intended to shoot the strange creature for the purpose of obtaining a scientific specimen, but, as he later recalled in a sworn statement, ". . . I felt now that it was human, and I knew that I would never forgive myself if I shot it. . . ."

Roger Patterson's dossier contains such items of information about the habits of the Sasquatch as the following:

They generally avoid humans and are not aggressive unless wounded.

They appear to remain in family units, but not in large groups.

They are primarily vegetarians. Sasquatch feces have been found in Northern California and throughout the Northwest and Canada.

They seem to move to different environments with the seasons. They summer in the mountains, then, during the fall, they descend to the lowlands to raid fruit orchards. They have been spotted many times by workers in the Yakima Valley orchards.

Their senses are highly developed, but they are not of superior intelligence. They seem to communicate by making an eerie, high-pitched whistling sound.

They are extremely long-lived, probably from 200 to 500 years. This is one of the basic reasons why they have not become extinct.

To the question of where the Sasquatch came from, Patterson tells of the giant teeth and skulls which were found some years ago in Northern China. Anthropologists declared the remains to have belonged to huge man-ape creatures. The bones were carbon-tested and found to be at least 500,000 years old.

"The Sasquatch is evidently the descendant of these giants that walked across the peninsula which once existed to Alaska," Patterson theorizes.

Until Patterson's expedition hits the trail and brings back Mr. Big Foot in person, the mystery of the Sasquatch remains one of the most persistent legends of the Great Northwest.

CULT OF THE ARGENTINE FIREWALKERS

In 1963, in Buenos Aires, Argentina, the cult of St. John the Baptist demonstrated their remarkable ability to walk barefoot and unharmed over a twelve-foot bed of hot coals. Thirty members of the cult participated in the demonstration which took place in a soccer stadium.

Scientists reported that the eleven tons of wood which had been burned to form the bed of coals reached a temperature higher than 1800 degrees. After the fire had died and the coals had been formed, the temperature reached almost 1500 degrees.

Graceila Susana Wilches, thirteen, and Christina Pardo, fifteen, were two of the thirty cultists who succeeded in walking across the coals. Neither girl, nor any of the other twenty-eight firewalkers, uttered one word or cry of pain while crossing the inferno.

"They submit to the firewalk to test their faith," explained their current leader, Angel Ali. "I assist them by speaking secret words to each volunteer. These words transport them safely across the coals."

Each member of the fifty-year-old cult who accomplished the firewalk was later examined by doctors who had witnessed the entire event. These attending physicians testified that there were in no instance "any burns or other marks visible on the feet of any of the cultists."

Armando Vivante, professor of anthropology at the University of Buenos Aires and La Plata said, "I could not possibly explain how these members of the cult could walk across the fiery bed of coals without even suffering the slightest burn or blister."

THE CAPTAIN'S SLEEPWALKING SAVED HIS SHIP

In 1798 the Pacific Ocean was largely unchartered. A safe voyage was as much the result of constant vigilance on the part of each individual crew member as it was a reliance on the maps of pioneering navigators. Captain Edmund Fanning of Stonington, Connecticut, was to lead more than seventy expeditions to the South Seas, but he would never have survived his first voyage had it not been for a series of peculiar dreams.

The good ship *Betsy* had just left Fanning Island, which he had discovered, and was proceeding toward China.

" 'Tis time I was turning in," Fanning told his first mate. "Keep a sharp watch now."

His first mate bade him a good night and wished him a peaceful rest.

Peace was not to be granted to Captain Fanning on that night. After what seemed like an hour, Fanning awoke to find himself once again standing in the companionway. The first mate was visibly surprised to see him up and fully dressed.

"Something, sir?"

"Nothing, mister," Fanning answered, turning on his heel. He was irritated with himself. He had never before walked in his sleep. He tossed his mate another good night and walked back to his cabin.

Trying his best to dismiss the incident from his thoughts, Fanning once again undressed and stretched out in his bunk.

A half hour later the captain found himself back at the head of the companionway.

"Is anything wrong, sir?" the first mate asked. Such behavior was hardly representative of the captain's usual conduct. When the man went to bed, he stayed there, trusting completely in the ability of his officers and crew to man their watches and tend to business.

"No," Fanning said, slowly shaking his head. "Everthing's fine. I . . . I seem to be having trouble getting to sleep. Thought another turn about the deck might help."

What else could he say to explain these weird occurrences?

When Captain Fanning awakened to find himself at the head of the companionway a third time, he was so distressed that he concluded some supernatural power must be seeking to warn him of some impending disaster.

"Lay to for the night, mister," he told his first mate. "Give the order to drop anchor. I think it best to stay here until dawn."

The first mate studied his commanding officer for a few moments, then gave the order to lay to. The officer had become completely bewildered by the behavior of Captain Fanning and was at first reluctant to comply with the order.

"Is the captain daft?" asked the third mate after Fanning had once again retired to his quarters. "Why in blazes would we want to lay to in the middle of the South Seas?"

"He has been behaving peculiarly," the first mate admitted, "but he left orders to be called at daybreak. Let's wait and see what he's like on the morrow."

Captain Fanning slept soundly for the rest of the night. When he was called at daybreak, he mounted the companionway and gave the order to set full sail ahead. The *Betsy* had not gone far when the lookout sighted breakers ahead.

"There can't be any reefs there!" the first mate protested. "There isn't any indication of coral reefs on the map."

"But there they are, mister," Captain Fanning said softly. "Very real and very dangerous."

The order was given to put the helm alee; the yards were braced up; and the sails trimmed by the wind. The *Betsy* continued cautiously on, making it safely past the fierce pounding of the unchartered coral reefs which surrounded an uncharted island.

As they were making their way around the breakers, every man aboard the *Betsy* was realizing that if Captain Fanning had not interpreted his strange series of sleepwalking episodes as a warning to lay to for the night, the ship would have hit the breakers in the darkness, smashed on the coral reefs that jutted out from the shore, and not one man-jack among them would have been alive to see the morning sunrise.

THE INVISIBLE ROCK-THROWER OF SAN BERDOO

On July 19, 1962, Mrs. William M. Lowe made a formal complaint to the Big Bear Substation of the San Bernardino County Sheriff's Department.

"Some boys have been annoying us by throwing rocks at our cabin," Mrs. Lowe told the officer at the desk. "I suppose they're just trying to tease our two daughters, but we have long since failed to see the humor in the situation."

"Do you know the identity of these boys?" the officer asked.

"No," Mrs. Lowe shook her head, "and neither do our daughters."

"Could you describe them?"

"We've never seen them."

The officer tapped his pen a bit impatiently on the edge of the desk. "Then how do you know that boys are responsible?"

"We've simply assumed that some mischievous boys must be responsible for the rocks which keep bouncing off our cabin."

"But have you ever seen anyone throwing the rocks?" the officer persisted. "Have you ever seen anyone in the area at the time in which your cabin was being pelted by rocks?"

Mrs. Lowe shook her head in response to each question. "We've never seen anyone throwing rocks; we know of no reason why anyone would want to annoy us in this manner. That's why I've come to the police."

The officer logged the complaint as "disturbing the peace, rock-throwing incident" and dispatched a patrol car to put a halt to the vandalism.

For the next three and a half months, patrolmen in marked and unmarked cars kept an around-the-clock vigil in a vain attempt to apprehend the agency—human or otherwise—that was responsible for the ceaseless barrage of rocks which rained down on the Lowe cabin. In spite of the officers' rigorous investigation, stones continued to fall on the cabin, on the grounds for 100 yards on either side of the dwelling, and even on the patrolmen and their patrol cars.

Deputy Sheriff Jerome C. Ringhofer noted that the rocks were fairly consistent in size, usually weighing from three to ten ounces. The rocks were of a type common to the Big Valley area, and geologists confirmed that they were definitely of a terrestrial origin. How they managed to get themselves airborne was the big question.

Some investigators observed that the rocks seemed to float, rather than fall, on the cabin and on the grounds. Although several persons were struck by the stones, including the Lowe children, no one suffered any pain from the blow or bore evidence of a bruise after impact.

Deputy Jack H. Cox mentioned in one of his reports that the rocks had the peculiar characteristic of "homing in" on flashlight beams.

Physical damage to the Lowe cabin in the three-and-one-half-month period was limited to two broken windows—and this despite the fact that the Lowes would be forced to rake the stones into piles after each bombardment. A San Bernardino deputy said that he saw as many as twenty rocks fall in a single thirty-minute period.

Deputy Ringhofer was in a patrol car when a rock "moving at abnormally low velocity" struck the body of the automobile. It left only a slight dent. "The sound of the impact wasn't right, either," the lawman remarked. "It just didn't make the normal sound that a rock would make if it struck the metal of an automobile body."

The authorities could find neither the culprit responsible for the annoying barrages nor could they find any spot where such a strange practical joker might hide himself.

The little mountain cabin sets about 400 feet off the highway on a basically flat site, which affords excellent visibility in all directions. The nearest neighbors live over 200 feet away, and the principal landmark of the immediate area, Rebel Ridge, a ski slope, is more than 200 yards from the cabin.

On October 31st, William Lowe decided that he had had enough of the mysterious rock falls. On the night before the Lowes moved, they had two of the three new tenants in for dinner.

"You'll love it here," Don Beasley, twenty, former Colorado University student, and John Holdorf, former University of Redlands student, were told. "You'll love it if you've always wanted to live in a haunted house."

The Lowes told the young men that they had heard strange noises in the cabin during the first few weeks of their occupancy but had not thought much of the disturbances until the rock falls began. Even then they had not wished to accept the thought that anything bordering on the weird might be sharing their cabin. But after the invisible rock-thrower had baffled the police for nearly four months, they decided to quit the premises.

Beasley and Holdorf thought the Lowes were joking with them. But the three young men had no sooner moved into the cabin when, as Beasley later told the *Los Angeles Times*, "the stones started falling. I couldn't believe it.

"I thought at first maybe kids were throwing the stones, but then I saw that wasn't possible. The stones were coming straight down from the sky.

"The stones actually seemed to float down. One guy was standing outside and one of the stones hit him on the arm but it didn't hurt him. They didn't hit hard.

"One time my car was hit while I was standing right beside it. I had the sun roof open and I heard a plunk. I found the rock on the seat."

San Bernadino deputies reported that the barrages of stones came about four times a week. There was no set hour for the bombardment to begin. The rocks could come at any hour of the day or night. Many times they fell out of a clear sky, and their lazy descent could be observed easily by the investigating officers. But not even the circling reconnaissance planes could ever determine exactly where the fall of rocks had begun.

Certain psychic researchers thought the case sounded as if it had all the earmarks of a classic poltergeist case. A poltergeist, that noisy, racketing bundle of mysterious psychic energy, often takes to rock-throwing to gain attention. The presence of the teenage Lowe girls seemed to fortify the researchers' contention, as adolescents have long been observed to vitalize the residual potential of a poltergeist.

Other investigators pointed out that the cabin must

have been haunted before the Lowe girls had ever moved in. The Lowes had mentioned that they had found piles of rocks outside the cabin when they first took up tenancy. There were also the mysterious noises, like footsteps on the roof, that the Lowes had heard, almost from the very first days of their occupancy of the strange little cabin in the San Bernardino Mountains of California.

Whether a ghost or a poltergeist tossed the rocks at San Berdoo, one indisputable fact remains: eight law enforcement officers spent four months in an unsuccessful attempt to apprehend any human being who might have been responsible for the rock bombardments.

Deputy Ringhofer still hopes for a logical and scientific explanation, but he admitted: "It is strange. We've conducted intensive searches in the area after the house has been pelted with stones, and we've never come up with anybody who could have thrown them."

THE MYSTERY OF WATER WITCHING

Mylo Hyland is a hog buyer who lives north of Ames, Iowa. He was just preparing to eat breakfast on that particular morning when the telephone rang. When the operator told him that it was long-distance, Mylo assumed that it was some farmer who was so eager to sell hogs that he couldn't wait until after morning coffee to start dealing. The Iowan was surprised to hear the speaker identify himself as John O'Meara, a writer-photographer for *Furrow*, a nationally known farm magazine.

"I understand that you are a water dowser, Mr. Hyland," the photographer said.

"Yes, I am," Hyland answered without hesitation. "It is not my profession, but I sometimes find water for people who need to sink a well."

"If we were to put you to a bit of a test, like burying a water barrel in a field, do you think you could find it?"

"As long as it's full of water, sure," Mylo Hyland answered confidently.

The photographer filled Hyland in on the details of the challenge, and the Iowan agreed to drive to Milan, Illinois, where the farm magazine would carefully prepare a fifteen-acre field for the test of his prowess as a water dowser.

On the day appointed for the experiment, Mylo Hyland arrived at the farm near Milan, Illinois, ready to meet the test. With him, he brought a forked twig.

"You haven't buried it yet, have you?" he asked the amateur researchers who had assembled at the field.

A man stepped forward and identified himself as the photographer who had phoned him and who had set up the test. "We haven't buried the barrel, Mr. Hyland," he said. "We want to be fair about this."

"Good," Hyland nodded his approval. "I want to take a few runs across the field first to mark the spot of any quivers where the water veins flow. It could upset the test if I didn't mark them first."

Then, grasping each fork of the twig in a palms-upward grip, Hyland set out across the field in a zig-zag course. When he had located all the water veins which crossed the area of the testing, Hyland went into town for lunch and told O'Meara and his crew to proceed with the next step in this unique game of hide-and-seek.

When it was verified that Mylo Hyland was in town and actually sitting down to lunch, the men rolled out a fifty-gallon drum filled with water. A bulldozer roared into action and scraped away a grave for the barrel. After the target had been securely planted by the bulldozer, the field got a thorough working over to completely hide any telltale signs of digging. As the mechanical coup de grâce, a tractor-pulled disc was sent churning and gouging over the field. Nothing can make one acre look almost exactly like any other acre better than the soil-slicing circular blades of a disc.

Mylo Hyland grinned when he returned from his lunch. "Looks like you got it ready for planting a good crop of corn. Glad you left my stakes up, though. At least, I figure you put them back in the right place."

The men assured Hyland that they had not tampered with his markers, and once more, he set out across the field with his twig.

The dowser searched the field for an hour and a half before he finally drove two stakes into the soil.

"The barrel could be under one of those," Hyland said, "but I'm pretty sure it's right here." To emphasize his assurance, he planted a third stake. "Yep," he nodded emphatically. "That's where the barrel lies."

O'Meara had lost track of the fifty-gallon drum's hiding place after the soil-shifting machinery had finished with the field. The photographer told the crew to dig where Hyland had indicated. Within minutes, a truck with a hydraulic crane attachment was hoisting the barrel aloft by its chains. Dead-center had been eighteen inches away from Hyland's third stake.

In an age when our nation is faced with a growing need for water, science has begun to take a new look at radiesthesia, the ancient art of "dowsing" for water.

Dowsers are as much a part of early Americana as the husking bee, and they are as common as a county fair in the rural America of today. There is even a national headquarters for the dowsers (The American Society of Water Dowsers at Danville, Vermont) and 25,000 practicing dowsers employ the forked branches of willow, peach, eucalyptus, or box elder trees to aid them in pointing out the water.

Recently, some dowsers have begun to fashion fancy metal dowsing rods. Others use bent coat hangers, brass rods, or plain old wooden brooms.

How does dowsing work? There is no easy answer to this question. One rarely gets a clear explanation from a dowser. All most of them are able to say is that they set out walking across a field, and when they pass above water, the branch starts bending downward. Sometimes the force of the downward thrust is strong enough to twist the bark in the dowser's hands. One cannot blame the dowser for not taking notes of the process as he paces across some farmer's fields in search of a spot to sink a well. All the dowser and his clients are really concerned about is the result: a site that will yield earth's most precious liquid.

Parapsychologists have long investigated water witching and are convinced that some manifestation of a kind of extrasensory perception, such as clairvoyance, is at work to enable the dowser to mentally penetrate the layers of topsoil, clay, and shale, and "see" the water that flows many feet below him. It also seems quite evident that the role the forked twig plays is that of a tangible symbol of the dowser's preternatural talent. A dowser could no doubt work as well without the twig in his hands, but the physical presence of the branch gives him confidence and reassurance—something to grab hold of.

Henry Gross, perhaps the most famous of all dowsers, was able to locate well sites merely by concentrating on maps of the drought area. Once he located water on the island of Bermuda while in his home in Maine. All Gross had to work from was a large scale map of the island. Other dowsers and clairvoyants have demonstrated this same ability.

After intensive study, the Institute of Technical Physics at the Dutch National Research Council has given its full endorsement to water dowsing.

In an official statement, the Academie des Sciences of Paris has said: "It is impossible to deny the existence of the power, although its nature cannot be determined."

SHE SAW HER DAUGHTER MURDERED IN A DREAM

Mrs. Sarah Burton held the letter from her daughter in her hands for several moments before she opened the envelope and read its contents. She had received numerous letters from her daughter in rapid succession over the past few weeks. Would this most recent letter leave her with the same eerie sensation that it had not really been written by Lizzie at all?

Her eyes scanned the handwritten pages rapidly. Once again the letter began with the brief apology that, since she had burned her hand on the cook stove, Jim would write the letter for her. Then Lizzie went on to dictate incidents of common household activities and to close with an affirmation of her love and an assurance that all was well with her.

In form and content, the letter was nearly identical to the others which Mrs. Burton had received recently. If all was well with Lizzie, why did this terrible feeling of dread continue to plague her? And why did she keep thinking of that awful dream?

On that troubled day in 1870, Mrs. Burton brought out pen and paper and sat down to write a letter of her own. This time she would not return her daughter's note. This time she would write a letter to a friend who lived in Lewiston, Maine, the home town of Lizzie and her husband, James Lowell.

Mrs. Burton began by telling her friend that she had, of late, been troubled by a dream concerning the welfare of her daughter. "I first heard this voice," she wrote, "telling me that I was at some place outside of Lewiston where there are numerous lumber mills. I then realized that I was on a lonely road, leading to a densely wooded area. As I continued on, I saw my daughter Lizzie, and her husband, riding in a buggy. Jim turned the horse off the road onto a byroad that ran alongside the river. For a moment, I lost sight of them. When I next saw them, they had left the buggy. Lizzie was sprawled on the ground, pleading with Jim to spare her life. Jim raised his hand, as if to strike her. Then a fog seemed to cover the area, and I woke up."

Mrs. Burton concluded the letter by beseeching her friend to make inquiries about Lizzie, and, if possible, to go to visit her in person.

The anxious mother received word from her friend stating that Lizzie had not been seen in Lewiston for several weeks. She had attempted to visit Lizzie in person, but James Lowell had told her that his wife was not at home.

The report from her friend reinforced Mrs. Burton's fears that all was not well with her daughter. The notes just did not sound like Lizzie, and she could not erase that terrible dream from her mind. She resolved to journey to Lewiston to investigate matters for herself.

James Lowell was visibly startled when he opened the door to admit his mother-in-law.

"Why, Mother Burton," he grinned nervously, "you should have told us that you were planning a visit. If Lizzie had known that you were coming, she never would have gone out of town."

"Lizzie is not here?"

"Why, no, she's visiting a friend."

"It's peculiar that she did not mention that she was planning a trip in one of her letters," Mrs. Burton remarked.

"The trip came up rather suddenly," Lowell explained. He seemed to be having a great deal of difficulty in breathing properly.

"And what of her hand?" Mrs. Burton persisted with her questions. "How long must she employ you as her stenographer?"

"Why, actually, that is why she is gone. She went to have her hand looked at."

"The doctor in Lewiston isn't good enough?" Mrs. Burton asked, frowning her annoyance. "What is her doctor's name in this other town?"

"Well, really it is only a good friend who has a healing touch, so to speak."

"What is her friend's name, then?" Mrs. Burton kept on. "And where is Lizzie so that I might join her?"

"Oh, you mustn't do that," Lowell stammered. "I mean, she is to have rest and quiet. Don't worry about Lizzie, Mother Burton. I talked to a man just yesterday who had talked to her and said that she was feeling much better."

"A man can visit her, and I cannot?" Mrs. Burton scowled.

James Lowell continued with his vague assurances and obvious evasions until Mrs. Burton took her leave of his home. Her next stop was that of the Lewiston marshal. She was now convinced that her daughter had met with foul play at the hands of her husband, and she was going to insist upon an investigation.

The lawman was not impressed by her story. "Ma'am, I can't arrest someone on charges such as these. A dream just doesn't stand up in a court of law as very substantial evidence. Why, I couldn't bring a man in for questioning just because someone saw him murder someone in a dream. I'd have to bring in half the county if that were the case. You go on home. Lizzie will probably turn up in a day or two and be perfectly well and safe."

But three years went by before anyone ever found a trace of Lizzie Lowell. Mrs. Burton had long since become totally convinced of the validity of her dream, but the authorities were still without any kind of physical evidence which would allow them to launch an investigation.

Then, in October of 1873, a farmer named Small stumbled across some shiny objects in the grass around an old rotted log. These objects appeared to be a row of buttons.

"I thought it kind of strange that the buttons should be laying there in such a straight line," Small later testified. "If they had fallen off somebody's clothing, they would have been scattered all over the place. As I looked closer at the buttons, I noticed some rotten cloth underneath. When I kicked the pieces around, I uncovered a human skeleton."

The farmer rushed into the marshal's office at Lewiston and told him of his incredible find. When the body was identified as that of Lizzie Lowell, the lawman remembered with a groan the dream of an anguished mother, which he had been discrediting for three years.

In a sensational nine-day trial, James Lowell was convicted of the murder of his wife and sentenced to be hanged. His lawyers, however, managed to get the sentence commuted.

According to Lowell, his wife had been killed by the bucking of the horse. He had buried her and attempted to maintain the charade with his mother-in-law for fear that his story would not be believed. Twenty-five years later, James Lowell received a pardon because there had been no actual witness to the alleged murder.

But there had been a dream witness. Until her death, Mrs. Sarah Burton insisted that, while she lay sleeping many miles away, she had seen James Lowell murder her daughter. Even the skeptical were forced to concede that the anxious mother had been able to describe the location of her daughter's unmarked grave three years before it had been uncovered.

EGYPT—LAND OF MAGIC, MYSTERY, AND MALIGNANT MUMMIES

To the peoples of antiquity Egypt appeared as the very mother of magic. In Egypt the ancients developed a magical system far beyond the realm of their common knowledge. Like all systems of magic, the Egyptians employed two kinds, that which was supposed to benefit either the living or the dead (white magic), and that which has been known throughout the centuries as "black magic" or necromancy.

The contents of the ancient Westcar Papyrus show that as early as the fourth dynasty, magic was a recognized "art" in Egypt. Adepts used magic to exorcise storms and evil spirits, and to protect against wild animals, poison, disease, and ghosts. The belief in the *ka* or spirit double that left the body after death gave much impetus to the Egyptians' belief in ghosts.

The famed Egyptian medicine consisted primarily of magical incantation and the invocation of demons. The physicians' knowledge of anatomy was very slight in spite of their incredible talent for embalming. Doctors were content merely to divide the body into thirty-six parts, each presided over by a different demon.

In philosophy, the Egyptians were fatalists. They believed that man's destiny was decided from the moment of birth and, therefore, put great credence in astrologers. Once they were supplied with the exact moment of a man's birth, the star-analyzers were able to construct a complete horoscope which would indicate lucky and unlucky days.

There are many famous books of Egyptian magic. The priestly scribes who set down the spells, formulae, and magical incantations were known as *Kerheb*, "Scribes of the divine writings." Extremely powerful, the *Kerheb* often numbered the sons of Pharaohs in their ranks. The most famous work of the scribes is the *Book of the Dead*, the proper translation of which is "Coming forth by day," or "manifested in the light."

According to Lewis Spence's *An Encyclopaedia of Occultism*: "Many papyri of the work have been discovered, and passages from it have been found inscribed upon the walls of tombs and pyramids, and on sarcophagi and mummy-wrappings. It is undoubtedly of extremely early date . . . about 200 chapters exist . . . The main subject of the whole is the beatification of the dead . . . who were supposed to recite the chapters in order that they might gain power and enjoy the privileges of the new life."

Many spells were inscribed in the *Book of the Dead*. Some had the purpose of preserving the mummy against moldering; others were formulated to assist the owner of the papyrus to become as a god; and certain potent spells were designed to enable one to transform oneself into any shape desired.

The Egyptologist, E. W. Wallis Budge, tells us:

> According to the Egyptians, a man consisted of a physical body, a shadow, a double, a soul, a heart, a spirit called *khu*, a power, a name, and a spiritual body. When the body died the shadow departed from it and could only be brought back to it by the performance of a mystical ceremony; the double lived in the tomb with the body, and was there visited by the soul whose habitation was in heaven. The soul was, from one aspect, a material thing, and like the *ka*, or double, was believed to partake of the funeral offerings which were brought to the tomb; one of the chief objects of sepulchral offerings of meat and drink was to keep the double in the tomb and to do away with the necessity of its wandering about outside the tomb in search of food. It is clear from many texts that, unless the double was supplied with sufficient food, it would wander forth from the tomb and eat any kind of offal and drink any kind of dirty water which it might find in its path. But besides the shadow, and the double, and the soul, the spirit of the deceased, which usually had its abode in heaven, was sometimes to be found in the tomb. There is, however, good reason for stating that the immortal part of man which lived in the tomb and had its special abode in the statue of the deceased was the "double." This is proved by the fact that a special part of the tomb was reserved for the *ka*, or double, which was called the "house of the *ka*" and that a priest, called the "priest of the *ka*," was specially appointed to minister therein.

It is quite easy to see how legends of "mummys' curses" could get started in a land where such an attitude toward the afterlife is maintained. No curse story ever received as much publicity or gave as much fortification to the mummy myth as that of the curse of King Tut's tomb.

Tut-ankh-amon was buried at the age of eighteen, over 3300 years ago, in a barren desert valley across the Nile River from the ancient city of Thebes. Records tell us very little about the life and accomplishments of the boy king, and, in the eyes of modern man, the most noteworthy thing he ever did was to die.

His tomb was discovered on November 3, 1922, by an English expedition under the direction of Howard Carter, conductor of the explorations of Lord Carnarvon. Over a period of six months, the Egyptologists brought forth the most magnificent and richest archeological find of artifacts ever uncovered.

Word of the great discovery—which had occurred quite by accident—soon reached the outside world;

and, although tourists and trespassers were denied entrance to the tomb, the curious swarmed to the excavation site by the thousands.

From the very first, newspapers in all countries had been besieged by crank letters warning of a dreadful curse which was to befall those who had dared to profane the boy king's crypt. It was, therefore, extremely pleasing to the prophets of doom when events seemed to begin to prove their dire predictions.

The fifth Earl of Carnarvon, sponsor of the expedition, was bitten on the face by a mosquito. Fatigued by the ordeal of excavation, Carnarvon neglected the bite until it had become infected. Within three weeks, he was dead.

Although the Earl personally subscribed to spiritualistic beliefs, he would have been the first to scoff at reports that he had been struck down by a curse. But his death touched off a deluge of crank letters and flooded the papers of every land with horrific tales of Egyptian magic and mummy's curses.

Professor J. C. Mardus translated the curse of Tut, which he called the Stella of Malediction, as follows: "Let the hand raised against my form be withered! Let them be destroyed who attack my name, my foundations, my effigies, the images like unto me."

Inside Tut's tomb were a number of gilded guardians. Two golden and bejeweled statues of King Tut himself stood on each side of the entrance to the inner sarcophagus. Four graceful and gilded goddesses watched over the jars containing the royal viscera. The inner chamber held dazzling riches in addition to the mummy of the boy king. Indeed, it took six years to photograph, label, and record all of the precious gems, furniture, alabaster jars, colored glass, gold leaf, and art works. The members of the expedition were too busy working to worry about a curse, but they continued to be warned by earnest seers.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle warned that King Tut's *ka* might resent the invasion to its privacy. The author insisted that the members of the expedition were in great danger and must flee from the area at once. Egyptian spirits should remain in Egypt, the creator of Sherlock Holmes advised his countrymen.

Dr. Mardus pointed out that while he personally did not subscribe to the doctrines of Spiritualism, he believed wholeheartedly in the curse of the Pharaohs.

"I am absolutely convinced that the Egyptians knew how to concentrate upon and around a mummy certain dynamic powers of which we possess very incomplete notions. . . . The twentieth century has treated as nonsensical superstitions those beliefs which existed during the thousands of years of civilization which were the most intellectual that ever flourished on the globe, and forgets the profound words of our master, Pasteur, on the occasion of his reception at the Academy: 'He who only possesses clear ideas is assuredly a fool.'"

What is the curse's record? Did those who violated the sanctity of Tut's tomb soon suffer dreadful demises? There were 33 people present at the opening of the tomb. By 1950, 17 of the 33 were known to have died over a period of 29 years.

Lord Carnarvon, sponsor of the expedition, died a few weeks after the tomb was opened. He was known to be in poor health, having recently had two major operations before he left the expedition.

Lady Carnarvon sailed home with her husband's corpse on April 12, 1923. Knowledge of the presence of the curse-stricken corpse as a shipmate caused many passengers to make last-minute cancellations. In 1929, Lady Carnarvon was also bitten by an insect. She died within days.

A weird story about an accursed sacred scarab also began to make the rounds of the world's newspapers. According to the new terror tale, the scarab pin was found by a British mining engineer while trekking along the Nile. Within three days, he was dead. His widow passed the scarab along to an American who also died within three days. And so on the story went until, according to the legend, it was stolen by thieves, who, if there really was a curse on the scarab, may have learned the ultimate lesson concerning the fruits of crime.

Sheik Abdul Haman, an Egyptian present at the opening of the tomb, died a few days afterward. Jay Gould, a close friend of Lord Carnarvon, died shortly after visiting the Earl on the excavation site.

Another of Carnarvon's cronies, Woolf Joel, passed away on his yacht on the Nile six months after viewing the tomb. Sir Archibald Douglas Reid, who had just announced his plans to X-ray the mummy, died before he entered the tomb.

Dr. Albert M. Lythgoe and Sir William Gastin, both present at the opening of the tomb, soon were interred in their own crypts. A. Lucas, osteologist of the American Museum of Natural History, died in 1929.

Arthur Weigall, a tourist, died of an unknown fever. The Hon. Mervyn Herbert, half-brother of Lord Carnarvon, died in 1930. He had been present at the opening of the inner chamber. So had Sir Charles Cust and Richard Bethel. Bethel died of unknown causes after retiring for the evening in perfect health. Lord Westbury, Bethel's father, committed suicide shortly thereafter.

James Harry Breasted died in 1935; Robert Mond in 1938; Harry Burton in 1939. Howard Carter, discoverer of the tomb, died in 1939, also.

Now, presented in this fashion, it would appear that retribution did indeed come to those who violated King Tut's tomb. But let us duly note one significant factor—the ages of the "victims."

For example, at the time of death, Albert M. Lythgoe was 66; Sir William Gastin, 77; Arthur E. P. Weigall, 53; Sir Charles Cust, 68; James Harry Breasted, 70; Robert Mond, 70; Harry Burton, 71; Howard Carter, 66.

Granted that the deaths of the Hon. Mervyn Herbert and Richard Bethel were a bit premature at age 48, it is nonetheless apparent that the other "victims" of the curse

had lived all or a goodly portion of their "three score years and ten."

It must also be noted that Howard Carter, who certainly would have incurred more than his share of the Pharaoh's wrath for unearthing the tomb, did not die until 1939. A curse which requires over seventeen years to work its black power cannot be a very potent one.

Occultists who maintain the efficacy of a mummy's curse can be certain of one thing, however: all those who violated the sanctity of Tut's tomb did die—eventually.

THE FRIENDLY GHOST IN OVERALLS

The George Glines family of Greenville, Mississippi, had their own private ghost for four years when they lived in Pensacola, Florida. "Puki," as the ghost came to be called, was a friendly, khaki-clad phantom that first came to light in 1962 when prospective son-in-law James Boone stayed overnight in the upstairs guest room.

Boone came downstairs the next morning looking pale and shaken. Immediately solicitous toward their guest, the Glineses inquired as to the cause of the young man's apparent discomfort.

"Last night I was awakened with the feeling that someone was standing in the room watching me," Boone told the family, who sat suddenly silent over their breakfast dishes. "I opened my eyes and saw a man about six feet tall standing in the room.

"I didn't feel that the man was at all hostile toward me. He just stood there watching. Then I reached over to turn on the bed lamp. When the lights came on, the man had vanished."

Boone was about to say more, but George Glines interrupted him: "Now let me tell you how he was dressed. He had on khaki pants and a plaid shirt, and his face was kind of hazy."

"That's exactly how he was dressed," Boone said.

"But how did you know, George?" Mrs. Glines demanded of her husband. "Have you seen this mystery man prowling around our house?"

"I've seen him," George Glines admitted, "but he's not a man. I think we've got a ghost in the house! I first saw him two years ago when I stayed home alone on the night of the hurricane.

"I was lying on the couch in the living room with just one dim light on, when I, too, had the feeling that someone was in the room staring at me. When I looked up, I saw a heavily built man about six feet tall wearing a plaid sports shirt.

"I got up and took a couple of steps toward him. As I did, it looked like he took a step backward and disappeared. I turned on the light and he was gone. I checked all the doors and they were all locked.

"I've never mentioned this before," Glines confessed, "because I didn't want to upset the rest of the family."

Reminiscing about the four years during which they shared a house with a ghost, Mrs. Glines told John Childs, a staff writer for the *Delta-Democrat Times*, that her husband and son-in-law may not have been the only ones who saw the friendly phantom.

"My son, George junior, was about two years old then," she recalled, "and I told him that he must not play on the stairs.

"He looked up at me and said, 'I not going to fall because my friend Puki won't let me fall.' "

When Mrs. Glines asked her young son to describe her friend, the boy told her that Puki wore work clothes and a bright, plaid shirt.

"I can't see his face very well, though," George junior frowned. "It isn't clear."

The Glines family told reporter Childs that there had been additional evidence of Puki's presence. Each night at about 11 P.M. there came a distinct knocking from a section of the living-room wall.

"We had friends over," Mrs. Glines said, "and they heard it, too."

One such friend was Roland A. Guest, a resident of Greenville, who visited the Glineses at their Florida home.

"I definitely heard noises," Guest verified for reporter Childs. "There was a particular noise in the wall that sounded, well, like a knocking sound. We never could find the cause of it. And at night I had feelings of someone being present in my room."

At the insistence of the Glines family, their landlord tore out the wall to determine if some natural causes might be the basis for the strange, nightly knocking. Workmen found nothing in the wall to create any kind of noise whatsoever, and the wall was rebuilt.

"As soon as the wall had been refinished," Mrs. Glines said, "the knocking began again and continued as long as we lived there."

In addition to the visual materialization of the khaki-clad ghost and the nightly performance of the knocking on the living-room wall, Puki also included the sound of footsteps in his ghostly repertoire.

The Glines's daughter Ellen heard the footsteps on a number of occasions. One day Grandmother Glines was treated to a wild flurry of footsteps running all through the house. She did not think much of the sounds until it occurred to her that she was all alone.

In May, 1964, the home burned.

"Puki doesn't like the house all burned," George junior announced. "But he said he might come back when it is all fixed up again."

"We didn't stay to see whether he came back or not," Mrs. Glines said. "We moved back to Greenville."

The family who currently occupies the home in Pensacola has never heard the knocking on the wall or seen any khaki-clad ghost staring at them in the night.

Who knows? Puki may have gone in search of the hospitable Glineses.

FRANZ POLGAR, MIND READER EXTRAORDINARY

Dr. Franz J. Polgar, the noted Hungarian stage hypnotist and mentalist, often stated his belief that mental telepathy had been the standard form of communication before people learned to talk. He felt that everybody has telepathic power within his subconscious and is capable of putting this talent to work if he but develops it.

Polgar discovered his own mental powers quite by accident during his service in World War I.

He had been a member of the Hungarian army stationed on the Italian front. One night, during heavy enemy artillery fire, an Italian shell buried Polgar alive. For sixty long, agonizing hours, Polgar lay entombed in a mausoleum of mud and dirt. When he was at last extricated from his premature burial, he was shipped to a hospital in Graz, Austria.

It was in this hospital that a most peculiar thing happened. Polgar suffered a memory loss which lasted for six months. But, as if to compensate for this deprivation, his mind began to receive the thoughts of others. Throughout the period of his confinement, the bedridden soldier was able to tell exactly what the people who ministered to him were going to do before they did it. He proved time and time again that he could read the thoughts of the hospital staff and his fellow patients. Polgar became the cause célèbre of the hospital and medical journals were soon debating his case.

Upon his arrival in America in 1933, Polgar worked as a waiter in a little restaurant in Yorkville. Here he startled customers by bringing their orders before he had consulted them orally.

"I never did worse than bringing macaroni instead of spaghetti," he remembered years later. "If a customer was thinking about a cup of coffee, I would have to ask if he wanted it with or without sugar. If they wanted cream, I could see the color."

It did not take long for the word to get out about Franz Polgar, the mind-reading waiter. He turned down sideshow and vaudeville offers, but the Hungarian was at last persuaded to give a platform performance at the National Arts Club in New York. After this convincing demonstration of his talents, Polgar yielded to demands to perform regularly. In a short time, Polgar was presenting programs and lectures which were designed to convince the most skeptical.

One of Polgar's most popular demonstrations had the mentalist removed from the stage while the audience set up a scene in which there was to be a murderer, a victim, and a weapon. Upon returning to the stage, Polgar would descend into the audience and unerringly walk to the theatergoers who had been designated by their fellows as murderer and victim. Then, without further hesitation, he would uncover the "murder weapon," a flashlight case, a pen knife, a knotted handkerchief, which the audience had hidden somewhere in the theater. All of this would be done without a word being spoken by either Polgar or his audience.

During a performance at the Philadelphia Forum in 1950, Polgar stopped in the middle of his lecture and asked for his check for the evening's show.

The Executive Director, William H. Huff, was surprised by the mentalist's unexpected and sudden demand, but he stepped forward to hand Polgar his check.

Polgar thanked the director, then, smiling broadly, turned to the audience. "I am going to make Mr. Huff a sporting proposition. I shall allow him to hide this check anywhere he wishes. I want a committee of four people from the audience to escort me into the street. When I return, if I find the check, it is mine. If I should fail to do so, Mr. Huff may use the check to pay the next speaker on the Philadelphia Forum and I have lectured for free."

Huff agreed to the unusual proposition and Polgar was escorted out of the building by the committee of four. The minute Polgar was out on the street and out of earshot, the audience began to shout dozens of suggestions as to where the director might conceal the check.

"Here," a man shouted as he waved his false teeth in the air, "put the check under my plate. He'll never find it inside my mouth!"

The audience roared their approval, and Huff motioned for the man to come forward. "I guess Polgar did say to hide the check anywhere," Huff grinned as he folded the bank draft into proportions which would fit more comfortably under the man's dental plate.

When the mentalist was ushered back into the theater, he asked a young woman to give him thought directions to the check's hiding place. After concentrating for a few moments, he walked purposefully up the center aisle, and crawled over the legs of a half-dozen customers until he stood before the man with the hidden check.

"It looks like I'll get paid tonight after all," he said as he extracted his check from under the man's upper plate.

In a particularly dramatic test, Polgar picked up the gauntlet thrown by a skeptical reporter from the *Chicago Sun*, who challenged the mentalist to seek out and find a postage stamp which the journalist had hidden somewhere in the city of Chicago.

The point need not be belabored that Chicago would be an exceedingly large city in which to find a hidden regiment of soldiers, to say nothing of a postage stamp. Yet, Polgar told the reporter that he would accept the terms of the test. "However," he added, "you must cooperate with me by concentrating on the hiding place. If you have any mind at all, I'll find the stamp."

After the reporter had hidden the stamp, the two men met at a designated rendezvous.

"Now," Polgar asked, "if you will kindly begin concentrating and mentally transfer the location of the stamp."

The journalist obliged and spent a few moments directing his thoughts toward the spot where he had hidden the stamp. Polgar fell into a light trance, and, in total silence, began to push his way through the crowds of downtown Chicago. With the reporter at his heels, steadily transmitting the target area, Polgar continued to cross busy streets and round numerous corners in the Loop area. Finally, he paused before the correct office building, entered its doors, took the elevator to the fifteenth floor, and opened the door to the proper office. There, stuck behind a picture hanging on the wall, Polgar located the hidden postage stamp.

Had Franz Polgar developed a talent for mental telepathy to such an accomplished degree, or is there another explanation for the Hungarian's astounding feats of mental magic which might fit more readily into the scientific dogma of our time?

Polgar often pointed out that his demonstrations of telepathy were not as unique as they might seem to those who were witnessing such performances for the first time.

"Some incidences as these are talked about in every country in the world," he once said. "Some say these things are merely concidences. But they occur too often to be explained away that easily."

IOWA'S DARK LADY OF THE SNOWS

On a cold January night in 1903, sixteen-year-old John McDonough of Edgewood, Iowa, was awakened from a light sleep by the sounds of heavy feet stamping across the wooden porch.

"Open up in there, John!" shouted a familiar voice, as a fist beat time to the chant on the frame of the door.

John turned up the wick of the lamp beside the bed, slid his feet out from beneath the covers and gingerly touched his toes to the cold plank flooring. He had been hired to do the chores for a neighbor while the man was away on a cattle-buying trip. He had not expected the man for another night at least, but there he was, pounding at the door.

John quickly slipped into his trousers, then walked barefoot across the rough flooring to open the door for the cold and impatient man. They spent a few moments discussing the man's luck at the market, then, as he laced his shoes, John announced that he might as well go on home.

"Nonsense, John," his neighbor protested. "It's a cold night, and it's already past 10:30. Stay here until morning."

John shrugged his shoulders. "It's not that cold and it's not far to home. And Pa has most likely been missing me at morning choretime."

His neighbor saw that it was little use to argue with a stubborn teenager who had his mind already made up, so he gave the boy his wages and bade him a good night.

There was a full moon, and freshly fallen snow lay deep. He would have little trouble finding his way home, John observed. Bright moonlight on the smooth snow made the night nearly as light as day. Because of easy visibility, John decided to take a shortcut past the old abandoned farmhouse rather than follow the highway.

It was just as he approached the deserted house that he saw the tall woman dressed in black standing four or five rods ahead of him.

John blinked his eyes in disbelief. Who would be out at that time of night? She was no neighbor woman. He knew everyone for miles around. An eerie sensation began to crawl up the teenager's spine. The woman shifted her weight slightly, and he saw she was carrying a bundle wrapped in some white material.

Years later, John McDonough could still remember the scene vividly: "Her left side was turned toward me, and she seemed to take no notice of my approach. I stopped and looked at her for some time, feeling rather frightened at seeing anyone in that lonesome place at that hour of the night. Suddenly she moved away from me and disappeared in a thicket which grew on a rocky knoll five or six rods from where I first saw her."

Young John made a wide detour of the thicket, but he continued on his way home in spite of the weird experience, which at first had made him want to beat a hasty retreat to the much nearer home of his neighbor.

The next day, John went back to the place where he had seen the mysterious woman, taking with him a close friend. The two youths searched for nearly an hour for clues or footprints in the snow but found none. All that they could see were John's own footprints in the freshly fallen snow. The dark lady had left no tracks at all.

Later, after John had summoned the courage to tell others of his eerie experience, he learned that several neighbors had seen the Dark Lady of the Snows as they had passed the deserted house on a winter's night. Some said that she was the ghost of a farmwife who had been burned to death in a fire which had gutted the interior of the abandoned farm home. None could offer any theory as to what set the shade of the tall woman walking on cold and snowy nights in northeast Iowa.

DUEL WITH A DEMON

The Malagasy called her *Ninebe*, "The Great Mother."

It was an appellation which Ingara Nakling earned in her more than three decades of missionary work in Madagscar. Whether she was looking after the parentless at the mission orphanage, leading a hymn sing in a jungle clearing, or administering a bromide from her first-aid kit, Miss Nakling was setting an example for her "adopted people." It was often a difficult life, but one that has borne such long-range rewards as the recent visit to this country of one of her godchildren, now a native pastor in Madagascar.

Miss Nakling was eighty-five in October of 1966. I found this extremely hard to believe as I visited with her and marveled at the facility with which her mind could relate anecdotes about events which had taken place during the first days of her arrival in Madagascar, when she was in her early thirties. By a happy coincidence, that October also saw the release of Miss Nakling's memoirs, *My Life and Work in Madagascar.*

Recalling some of her early adjustments to missionary life in Madagascar, Miss Nakling told me that one of her most difficult tasks in preaching the Gospel lay in finding the proper words in Malagasy to convey the dramatic message.

"There is no word in their language for 'love,'" Miss Nakling said. "Love is central to the Christian faith; it would certainly be impossible to tell of Jesus without telling of his great love for all mankind. It was therefore necessary to combine existing word concepts. The Malagasy had words for 'fear' and 'hate,' because their old gods were deities of hate, not love."

When a missionary arrives in a strange land, he finds that he is instantly on the firing line. What he does in those first few weeks determines greatly the future success that he will have with the people. Missionaries have been slaughtered and all Christians persecuted in areas where an overzealous cleric offended the indigenous culture by a rash or clumsy act. This had been the case in early Madagascar, where an angry queen had once martyred any Christian on whom she could lay her hands. A later queen made Christianity the state religion, but this ecclesiastical fact did not deter natives in a remote region from slaying a Roman Catholic priest, who made the mistake of ripping a charm from the neck of a tribal chieftain.

"You have to learn to know the people," Miss Nakling said. "You must learn their thinking. Most of all, you must show love."

"Why did you come here?" natives would ask her when she first arrived. "Why did you come to Fort Dauphin from across the great waters?"

"I came because I love you," would be Miss Nakling's stock reply.

Once the missionary lady had made her inquisitors understand the concept of "love," the bewildered Malagasy were left to puzzle over the woman who came from far away because she loved a people whom she had never before seen. Miss Nakling began to be talked of as "The Lady Who Loves People." From this lengthy sobriquet, it becomes just a brief time before she was rewarded with the more encompassing title of *Ninebe*, "The Great Mother."

As we talked of many things—the establishment of an orphanage, some of her fellow missionaries, some of the rewards and hazards of missionary life—Miss Nakling confided that she had not always been assured and self-reliant during her experiences in the field. There was the time, for instance, when she was confronted with her first case of demon possession.

It had been quite late at night when Miss Nakling had been roused from her meditations by an urgent knocking on her door. It was a number of her carriers, one of whom was a Christian.

"Please come with us, *Ninebe*," begged the convert, who was entrusted with providing the missionary with transportation through the jungle.

Miss Nakling followed the men outside and was about to learn the reason for their distress when she was confronted by the peculiar spectacle of one of the native bearers crawling toward the porch on his hands and knees.

"He has been possessed by the devil," the man nearest her whispered hoarsely.

"Cast out the devil," whined the afflicted one, who had by now reached her knees. "Cast him out and I'll lick your feet!"

"That won't be necessary!" Miss Nakling told the man, involuntarily moving her feet several inches away from the man's slavering jaws. She was confused. She had heard all the theories about "demon possession" being but a primitive synonym for mental illness. She conceded that this was often the case. Yet she sincerely believed that "possession" was a very real thing apart from mental aberration. And she sincerely believed that Christ gave his followers the Biblical promise that they could cast out demons in His name.

"My stomach!" wailed the man as he bent double with cramps. "A devil is in my stomach!"

Miss Nakling hesitated. She was undecided. "I'll get you a bromide."

"Cast out the devil!" pleaded the man.

The Christian carrier stepped close to Miss Nakling and told her that certain members of the man's village, fearing that his association with the missionary would lead to his conversion, had held him down, pried open his mouth, and allowed the witch doctor to pour "devil medicine" down his throat.

"The witch doctor fears your power and does not want to lose this man to your God," the convert told her.

Miss Nakling looked closely at the man's face. There was something about his eyes—something so much different from the glaze caused by either mental imbalance or a gastro-intestinal disturbance. She made her decision. She sent one of the men for the native Evangelist and ordered the other men to carry the moaning carrier into the house. Then, while a number of the older girls who stayed with her began to sing hymns, the missionary lady began to prepare for the ordeal.

It was a violent session of intense prayers with both Miss Nakling and the native Evangelist beseeching God to cast out the demon that tormented the contorted man who lay before them. During the exorcism, the man's body levitated several inches into the air. Miss Nakling kept her hand on the man's head and only increased the fervor of her prayers when the man's frame floated free of the bed.

At last the man was quiet, and, after a time, his eyes flickered back into consciousness.

"Do you know me?" Miss Nakling asked him.

"Who doesn't know you?" he grinned. "You're the Lady Who Loves People."

"Are you feeling better now?"

"Yes," he sighed. "Jesus has chased the devil out of my stomach."

Miss Nakling uttered a brief prayer of thanksgiving, and rose to leave the bedside.

"*Ninebe*," the man said, catching at her hand, "will you baptize me? I've been studying in private. Sometimes, even when I should have been working, I've been reading about Jesus."

Miss Nakling promised, "If you will complete your studies, I shall be happy to baptize you."

The man slumped weakly back onto the cot, smiling in anticipation. "And will you sew me a white shirt for my baptism, just like the one Jesus wears?"

Miss Nakling recalled that the man had indeed been baptized and that she had sewn him a white shirt "just like the one Jesus wore."

"Witch doctors used to look at me with bullhead eyes," Miss Nakling remembered with a chuckle. It had not taken *Ninebe* long to grow much bolder in dealing with those whom the witch doctors had possessed, and her stalwart spirit often led her into spiritual duels with tribal priests. Once she stormed into a hut where a witch doctor was bleeding an ox of its blood and a dying man of his property in a vain attempt to banish a fatal disease. When the determined missionary ordered him from the hut, the witch doctor shook a sacred rattle at her and cursed: "Now she's spoiled it all!"

One of her most powerful foes among the witch doctors presented himself at her doorstep one day and declared that he intended to become a Christian. Miss Nakling had won this man through her care of his daughters at the mission school.

Today Ingara Nakling lives in South Dakota in a house filled with the echoes and memories of Madagascar and the people who came to return her love and respectfully name her their "Great Mother."

FOXY RANG THE BELL

Pet lovers have long claimed that a closer bond may develop between animal and owner than can be explained by conditioned response and the reward of a tasty tidbit. Almost without number are the stories that tell of a dog that can be commanded without spoken signals, a cat that can be summoned by her mistress' "thoughts," a pet that has come to its master's aid unbidden, or an old family "friend" that, upon finding itself separated from its loved ones, surmounts all obstacles and distances to accomplish a tearful reunion—the classic children's story, *Lassie, Come Home* was built on this premise, as was the Walt Disney film, *The Incredible Journey.*

Many fervent and affectionate pet owners insist that a telepathic union may be formed between an understanding master and the proper pet. Early in the 1950's Dr. J. B. Rhine, world-famous parapsychologist of Duke University, began to investigate accounts of ESP in animals. He had soon gathered scores of cases, one of the most impressive of which was the story of Bobbie, a collie that had accompanied its family on a vacation trip over the northern route from Silverton, Oregon to Indiana. Bobbie was lost in Indiana, and, after a fruitless search, the family went on to Mexico, then back to Oregon. A few months and 2000 miles later, Bobbie returned to the family's home in Oregon. Because of the collie's trick of volunteering a paw for a handshake, the Oregon Humane Society was able to trace Bobbie's means of return. They were astonished to learn that the collie had found its way home by taking the *southern* route rather than the northern route over which it had been driven.

On December 8, 1966, a small fox terrier was responsible for bringing aid to its injured mistress, Mrs. W. Z. Robinette, eighty-four of Gate City, Virginia.

Mrs. Robinette had fallen on the concrete walkway in front of her home and had broken her hip. Unable to move, the elderly woman lay helpless in her pain. Her feeble cries for help failed to elicit any type of response from her nearby neighbors. Then Foxy, her terrier, bounded into view.

Cocking his head quizzically from side to side, Foxy seemed to be thinking the situation through.

"I . . . need . . . help," Mrs. Robinette managed to force past her pain.

Foxy whined his sympathy and began to pace nervously around the form of his fallen mistress. Suddenly his attention seemed to be directed to an outside dinner-bell. Miss Robinette followed Foxy's gaze and groaned inwardly. She had only recently tied the rope up out of the dog's reach so that he might not grab it and annoy the neighbors by ringing the bell.

The height of the rope seemed not to bother Foxy's planning. Although he had not rung the bell since his mistress had scolded him and tied the rope up out of his reach, he seemed to realize that, in the light of the present emergency, all would be forgiven if he were to make that bell ring for all it was worth.

Foxy leaped three feet into the air, snatched the rope in his teeth, and brought forth a resounding gong from the bell. Again and again the little fox terrier leaped high into the air and yanked the bell rope with his teeth. He seemed justifiably pleased with himself when Mrs. Robinette's nearest neighbor, Mrs. Clay Stapleton, came running to his mistress' side.

Mrs. Stapleton quickly summoned an ambulance, and Mrs. Robinette is now recovering in a hospital. Foxy is being cared for in a manner which befits a hero.

DID THEY DISAPPEAR INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION?

There are scientists who maintain the existence of voids in our earthly atmosphere. These voids could be temporary gateways to another dimension in which our accepted definitions of length, breadth, and thickness would have no relevancy. Many researchers have strongly considered the theory that the thousands of people who disappear each year may inadvertently have been sucked into one of these voids and may have vanished into another dimension.

Examine the ominous record of an area off the southeast coast of the United States where, during the past two decades, more than a score of modern planes and almost 1000 people have vanished without leaving a trace.

The first dramatic mass disappearance in the area occurred on the afternoon of December 5, 1945 when five TBM Avenger propeller-driven torpedo bombers left their base at Fort Lauderdale, Florida on a routine training flight. All of the crew members were experienced and competent airmen and had logged the flight many times before.

Then the Fort Lauderdale base radio received an urgent message from the flight commander: "I—I'm not certain where we are."

The men in the control tower exchanged incredulous glances. How could an experienced officer on a familiar training run become confused and lost? And was it possible that all five navigators should also have lost their bearings on such an elementary training maneuver on a familiar flight plan?

"Not certain where we are," the flight commander repeated. His voice had become strained. "Everything is wrong. Everything is strange . . . very strange . . . and unfamiliar. Even the ocean doesn't look the same."

The control tower asked the commander for an explanation of his confusion.

"Everything is wrong," the officer repeated.

After that, there was only silence.

Immediately upon losing radio contact with the five torpedo bombers, the control tower dispatched a Martin flying boat with a crew of thirteen and full rescue equipment. Five minutes later, it, too, lost radio contact with the base at Fort Lauderdale.

For the next several days, 21 vessels and more than 300 planes searched the area for the five bombers and the rescue plane. Twelve land parties patrolled the beaches. The combined efforts of this vast armada of rescue workers yielded not a single shred of clothing, not a single piece of wreckage—nothing.

In the highly unlikely event that five bombers had crashed simultaneously on a routine training flight, at least some of the crewmen should have survived and been bobbing about on life rafts. Or if, to compound the unlikelihood, all crew members of all five bombers had been killed upon impact with the ocean, there still should have been some debris floating on the surface, and five very large oil slicks should have been easily visible to the searching parties.

And what about the Martin flying boat? It was capable of landing on the sea, had emergency radio equipment, and a full crew of experienced men. Yet when it entered the area in which the flight commander had reported his confusion, it, too, lost radio contact with the base. What of the emergency radio equipment? Not a crackle of static.

Now even if enemy aircraft with extraordinary firepower had been lurking behind the clouds and had managed to shoot down each of the bombers and the Martin flying boat with such remarkable accuracy that their crews had not even had the time to radio information about the attack, where was all the wreckage and floating debris? And surely some of the crewmen might have escaped by parachute.

When the Naval Board filed its report, it stated: "We are not able to even make a good guess as to what might have happened."

If you find that report a bit discomforting, then you should not read on.

On the night of January 29, 1948, at 10:30 P.M., the *Star Tiger*, a big British four-engined airliner, radioed that she was 400 miles from Bermuda en route to Kingston.

The *Star Tiger* carried twenty-six passengers and crew members aboard. The captain radioed that the sky was clear and that the plane was functioning perfectly.

When the captain of the *Star Tiger* signed off upon the completion of his report, he signed off forever.

There was no further radio contact from the airliner. Air and sea search parties found not a single trace of wreckage to testify that the *Star Tiger* had ever existed. Once again, there was not even the telltale oil slick to offer evidence of a fatal sea crash.

Almost exactly a year later, on January 17, 1949, at 7:45 A.M., the *Ariel*, sister ship of the *Star Tiger*, roared off the runway at Bermuda en route to Kingston, Jamaica. Forty minutes later, the *Ariel* was silenced forever in the midst of Captain J. C. McPhee's report that wind and weather were fair.

Once again, extensive search failed to salvage a single clue which might indicate how the airliner, her passengers, and her crew had met their abrupt fate.

On a clear day, August 28, 1963, two KC-135 stratotanker jets based at Homestead AFB, Miami, Florida, radioed their base at noon to report their positions and to declare all flight conditions satisfactory. Within another few seconds, the two strato-tankers had vanished without a trace.

Did these planes with their passengers and crews roar into a void and become lost in another dimension? Or did large UFOs swoop down upon them and carry both plane and passengers off for analysis? Although such incidents of flying saucer kidnapping raids have been reported, and even observed on radar screens, it would seem that invisible doorways to another dimension are more liable to have been responsible for these particular mysterious disappearances. Remember the urgent voice of the flight commander exclaiming: "Even the ocean doesn't look the same. Everything is wrong!"

Officially, the Navy does not give much credence to this particular theory, but neither has it produced a better one. More to the point, none of its rescue squads have ever recovered a single clue to the strange disappearances of over twenty modern aircraft and nearly 1000 people.

THE NIGHTMARE THAT NABBED A BURGLAR

In 1870, the year before the great Chicago fire, a Mr. William Bates lived alone in an apartment at 26 Cottage Grove Avenue. A very matter-of-fact sort of man, the Chicagoan was extremely upset that night when he experienced a vivid nightmare.

"I'm a very meticulous person," he wrote of the incident, "and follow a set routine day after day. At the usual time of 10 P.M., I retire for the evening, placing my watch and my wallet snugly under my pillow.

"On this particular night, I dreamed that I had awakened in time to see a man entering my bedroom. At first I could not see his face because he was not close enough, but I could make out the glint that came from the long, sharp knife which he held in his hand.

"As the man and his weapon came closer, I struggled to keep from being murdered. But it seemed that the harder I tried to escape, the more my body tightened and would not move. I tried screaming as the man continued to come closer and closer, but I could not utter one peep for help.

"As he reached under my pillow and grabbed my watch and my wallet, I saw his face. Until my dying day, I swear that I shall never forget the ugliness of that face."

When Bates awakened, he found himself drenched with sweat and terribly shaken by the exceedingly graphic nightmare. Then, as if to reassure himself that dream and reality had not become strangely intermixed, he felt under his pillow. The watch and wallet were still there.

"Never have I experienced such a vivid dream," he remarked to his landlord over breakfast. "It almost seemed as if the ugly brute were actually breathing down my neck."

"Better watch those bedtime snacks of pickled pigs' feet," his landlord teased him. "Next thing, you'll be seeing lovely ladies drifting down on moonbeams."

Bates ignored the man's good-natured jibe. "I still think that dream has some special meaning for me," he said. "It has to. It was so real."

Three days later, Bates awoke at his usual hour, felt beneath his pillow, and found that both his wallet and his watch were missing.

He went straight to the police to report his loss, but he did not relate the story of the nightmare which he had had a few nights previous to his robbery. There was, he felt, no need to add official mockery to the loss of his possessions.

Now, more than ever, Bates felt that his strange dream had been intended as a prevision to warn him of an approaching robbery. If he had been more of a believer in such things, he might have been able to protect his property. He maintained, however, that his dream still had value. It may have given him an accurate visual image of the burglar. Bates became determined to find the thief, and he began to search the faces of everyone whom he met in the streets and shops of Chicago.

Two weeks later, another burglary similar to the one which had claimed Bates' watch and wallet took place. The only clue which the authorities were able to obtain from this case was that a piece of fingernail had been found in the hammer of a pistol which the robber had dropped as he left the victim's apartment. Unfortunately, without a description of the burglar, a piece of fingernail was simply not enough for the police to go on.

At this time, the sensational Thompson-Story trial was taking place, and Bates, who was now fervently interested in crime, attended it.

"I was sitting in the courtroom, trying to hear everything that was being said," Bates later told reporters, "when I accidently pushed the person seated in front of me in an effort to obtain a better view of the defendant. The man occupying the seat turned around, and I started to apologize. But then I saw who he was. The man in front of me was the exact same man that I had 'seen' in my dream. The man that robbed me!

"I realized that I couldn't ask the police to arrest this person on such flimsy evidence as my dream, so I waited until the opportunity came for me to peer over his shoulder. That's when I saw what I wanted to find out. The man's thumbnail had a wedge cut out of it, as if a pistol hammer had slammed it."

Bates later hurried up to the officer in the back of the courtroom and reported his suspicions. The policeman later arrested the suspect, and he was brought to trail.

Bates' dramatic dream had described the robber before he had committed the two burglaries and had been instrumental in bringing the man to justice.

THE GHOST THAT REMOVED AN APPENDIX

In 1945 in a small Brazilian town in the federal district of São Paulo, a feverish patient, Andre Di Bernardi, an Italian-born steelworker, waited in a darkened room to hear the diagnosis of his illness.

"You have an inflamed appendix," an authoritative voice told him from the darkness. "You must be operated on immediately."

The physician who had diagnosed Di Bernardi's illness and who would perform the operation was Dr. Luis Gomez do Amaral, a well-known surgeon from Rio de Janeiro—who had been dead for nineteen years.

Andre Di Bernardi had contacted two famous mediums from the town of Pindamonhangaba when he had first realized that his abdominal pains were due to much more than an upset stomach. He had heard that these mediums had established rapport with the spirit of Dr. Amaral, and being a devoted spiritualist, he desired the services of the famous man for the treatment of his case.

When it was learned that a surgeon who had been dead for nineteen years was about to perform an operation on a man's inflamed appendix, six newspapermen and three highly skeptical doctors asked to be present during the event. To assure themselves that Di Bernardi was not attempting to perpetrate some elaborate hoax, the physicians examined his abdominal region for themselves. They soon agreed with the diagnosis of their departed colleague. The man had an inflamed appendix which must be soon removed.

Speaking through one of the mediums, Dr. Amaral requested that Di Bernardi be dressed in pajamas and placed on a cot with his arms and legs bound. In addition, the disembodied voice asked that a table be placed beside the cot which would contain all the necessary surgical equipment—rubber gloves, bandages, scalpels, numerous jars of alcohol, and a certain medical book which was to be opened to the page dealing with appendectomies.

When all the witnesses had assembled, the room was darkened and the door was locked and sealed. There was no way possible in which any other person could enter or leave the room without betraying himself to the witnesses.

For forty-five suspenseful minutes, the doctors, journalists, and other observers sat quietly in the darkened room. Then a strange, sepulchral voice was heard to declare: "Gentlemen, the operation is now over. And, I might add, it was a success."

With this announcement, the door was mysteriously unlocked and unsealed and the lights were turned on. As soon as their eyes had grown accustomed to the glare from the lights, the witnesses hurried over to the patient on the cot. The examining physicians declared that it appeared that Di Bernardi had indeed been operated upon and that his incision had been expertly dressed. No instruments were found on the table, but a jar that had once contained only alcohol now held an inflamed appendix as well.

Before they would commit themselves, the three skeptical physicians demanded that Di Bernardi be X-rayed once more to determine if his appendix had truly been removed. When the X-ray plates were developed, the

negatives bore conclusive proof that the husky steelworker was now minus his appendix.

Had it really been the spirit of Dr. Luis Gomez Do Amaral that had performed the appendectomy in total darkness in that sealed room?

"Who else could have done it?" Di Bernardi asks those who doubt the reality of spirit surgery.

THE ENIGMA OF FLYING SAUCERS

On April 26, 1966 at 8:52 P.M., an unidentified flying object began to follow the airplane in which the governor of Florida was flying to the state capital in Tallahassee.

"I told you," Governor Haydon Burns quipped to newsmen on board, "that my campaign would be out of this world."

Don Meiklejohn of the *St. Petersburg Times*, one of four reporters who had accompanied the governor, said that he "looked out the window and saw two round lights. It would be impossible to judge the size or distance. But the lights stayed in the same relative positions. Governor Burns ordered the pilots to 'turn into it!' The plane turned to the right, and as it did, the lights pulled ahead quickly and began to rise steeply. It disappeared, as one of the pilots said, 'like someone turned off the juice.'"

Frank Stockton, the governor's assistant, estimated that the lights had traveled with the plane for a distance of "at least forty miles."

Governor Burns was not in the least bit shaken by the incident. He later told newsmen that this was the second

UFO sighting which he had observed. The first had been in 1964 at Fort Pierce. "That time," Burns said, "about 5000 other people saw the same thing."

Although cynics may sometimes accuse a governor who is running for re-election of promising his constituents "pie in the sky," there seems little evidence to support the theory that a gubernatorial candidate would do much to enhance his chances of winning the election by publicly stating that he had seen a UFO in the sky.

Even Dr. J. Allen Hynek, director of Dearborn Observatory at Northwestern University and formerly the Air Force's chief debunker of saucer sightings, was moved to comment recently: "When good solid citizens report something puzzling, I believe we have an obligation to do as good a job as we can . . . Somehow we scientists should be able to come up with answers for these things."

Science and the Air Force have been coming up with unconvincing answers ever since Kenneth Arnold spotted a formation of rapidly moving "things" near Mount Rainier, Washington, on June 24, 1947. The majority of sightings have been attributed to weather balloons, birds, swamp gas, and simple misinterpretation of natural phenomena.

One has to concede that a great many alleged UFOs can be readily explained by the excited or faulty evaluation of what the sighter thinks he is seeing. Hallucinations of one sort or another cannot be ruled out, either. It would seem, though, that when large groups of people simultaneously sight a UFO or when sober and conscientious citizens have the courage to report a sighting, they should be accorded the simple dignity of an honest hearing.

And it does require courage to report saucer sightings. One of the people who told of seeing a UFO over a swamp near Dexter, Michigan, was a truck driver named Frank Mannor, who firmly disputes the "swamp-gas" explanation. After telling his story of seeing a saucer on the ground, he found himself subject to a crude and vulgar

harassment by unbelievers that extended to their effecting damage of his personal property.

Mr. Mannor told newsmen that if he ever saw another UFO he would keep it to himself. "If a man got out of a ship, walked right up to my porch and shook my hand, nobody would ever know about it."

But each year thousands of people are faced with what they consider to be undeniable proof that strangers from the skies are visiting our planet, and they insist upon being heard.

On August 2, 1965, there were dozens of reports of sightings by private citizens and police which came in from Kansas, Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Colorado, South Dakota, Nebraska, and Wyoming.

Gary Harvey, reporter for the *Oklahoma Journal*, was sitting in his office, just after 11 P.M. on August 2nd, when the first call came in. He looked out the window, and, "There it was hovering. It appeared over the extreme southwest corner of the city, maybe a few miles out.

"At first it looked just like another twinkling star, but then I noted it was flashing, not like a star, more like a three-colored aircraft beacon that's hundreds of miles away. It was red, then blue, then white, then red again and continued to change colors as I watched."

Harvey and a friend drove out of town to get a better look, away from the bright lights of the city. ". . . the object was still hovering, but soon we noticed it was moving slowly to the southwest. It was still flashing, but as it moved farther away, I could distinguish only red and white flashes. It moved slowly, much too slowly for any aircraft."

The next day, the Air Force issued an official pronunciamento declaring that the citizens of the West and Midwest had seen the planet Jupiter or assorted stars.

Robert Risser, Director of the Oklahoma Science and Art Foundation Planetarium in Oklahoma City, issued a reply that local residents most certainly had not seen Jupiter or any of the stars which the Air Force had listed in their explanatory report. "This explanation is as far from the truth as you can get," Risser said. "Somebody has made a mistake. These stars and planets are on the opposite side of the earth from Oklahoma City at this time of the year!"

Even the most impartial observer of the UFO scene has to concede that the "saucer summers" of 1964-1965 contained some pretty impressive action. For example: Thirty-four "landings" of UFOs were reported in the United States, twelve in foreign countries. Fourteen testimonies of sighting "humanoid" creatures were filed in different parts of the world. Contrary to Air Force claims that no UFOs have ever been reported on radar screens, nine radar trackings of "saucers" were made in Utah, Michigan, Kansas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Alaska, and Maryland. New Zealand, Japan, Australia, Canada, and England also released the information that their radar had tracked UFOs. Photographs or movies were made of the "saucers" on seventeen different occasions in such diverse parts of the globe as Kansas and New Guinea. Seven motorists in the United States claimed to have been pursued by UFOs while on the highways. Residents in Florida, New Mexico, Georgia, South Carolina, and Argentina suffered burns while making alleged close approaches to grounded UFOs.

Electromagnetic interference, deemed by many scientists to be the most conclusive proof of our extraterrestrial visitors, was reported to be caused by UFOs in nearly every part of the globe. Automobile headlights and motors went out when saucers hovered overhead in Virginia, Texas, South Carolina, British Columbia, Washington, Kansas, Austria, and elsewhere. Plane motors and automatic direction finders went on the blink in Japan. Radio interference was noted in Georgia, New Hampshire, and Portugal. In the Antarctic, geomagnetic instruments went berserk when UFOs conducted maneuvers over government weather stations. An airport in the Azores complained that ten electromagnetic clocks were stopped by saucers as they bobbed in the sky above the control tower.

The Michigan sightings in March of 1966 provided the caper for Congressman Weston Vivian, who demanded a Defense Department probe of UFOs. The Air Force was quick to deny the allegations that they maintained a policy of silence and ridicule and made attempts to squelch saucer reports. "Our job is to explain what is seen, not necessarily to change anybody's mind," said Major Hector Quintanella, Jr., current head of "Project Bluebook," the Air Force's official agency for investigation of UFOs.

A few days after Major Quintanella had issued his denial of any official hewing of UFO reports, Dr. Harold Brown told the House Armed Services Committee that the Air Force had given an explanation for all but 646 of the 10,147 sightings it has investigated since 1947. He blamed marsh gases, planets, comets, pranks, meteors, fireballs, and auroral streamers as the chief culprits responsible for the public's confusion.

"You might call the study of UFOs a study in puzzlement," Dr. Brown said. "We are hiding nothing."

Dr. J. Allen Hynek agreed with Dr. Brown in a press conference of his own, but the noted astrophysicist went on to add an honest disclaimer: "Scientists in the year 2066 may think us very naive in our denials."

Dr. Hynek may well be glad that he added that disclaimer. Within the week of the Air Force's official debunking press conferences, an air traffic control operator at Atlanta, Georgia, reported tracking a UFO on the radar screen.

On March 29, 1966, guests at a hotel in Lakewood, New Jersey, told reporters that they had been awakened by a mysterious noise. Looking through the windows, they had seen a ball of fire which hovered for about fifteen seconds before shooting out of sight. Local police were called on the scene. As the officers drove to the hotel, they were stopped several times by other startled observers of the strange flying phenomenon. A patrolman later reported that he had heard a roar overhead, not unlike that of a jet aircraft, at around the same time the UFO was seen.

It was quite obvious that these people were not seeing swamp gas. But what were they seeing? Hallucinations cannot be tracked on radar screens. Weather balloons do not glow like balls of fire. Are we being visited by extraterrestrial beings?

At the national convention of Aviation and Space Writers, Knut Hammarskjold, current director general of the International Air Transport Association, was quoted as saying: "I believe in those Unidentified Flying Objects. Is it really unlikely that there exist civilizations outside our planet which are more developed, both technically and mentally, than we are?"

At a convention of the American Astronautical Society in Washington, D.C., a highly respected astronomer went on record as saying that he did not think the possibility at all unlikely. Dr. Carl Sagan of Harvard University suggested that superspacemen from far beyond our tiny corner of the universe may have visited earth thousands of times in the past few billions of years.

Dr. Thomas Gold, Professor of Astronomy at Cornell University, has theorized that these periodic visits may be compared to that of a gardener coming around to see how his plants have been progressing. "Life," Dr. Gold suggests, "may have been initiated and spread by space travelers who visited earth a billion years ago. From their abandoned microbiological garbage, forms of life proliferated into intelligent beings."

With so many respected scientists going on record with statements which clearly indicate their willingness to accept the possibility of interplanetary communication, why do the Air Force and the scientific establishment doggedly stick to their scorn-the-saucer syndrome?

Some civilian investigators have suggested that the Air Force's pose of ridiculing UFO information is simply a subterfuge which they are employing as a counter-intelligence move. They have further theorized that the Air Force recognized the UFOs for what they were—products of a superior alien culture—as early as 1950, when saucers reportedly jammed radio frequencies of planes over Korea. If responsible scientists realized that the aliens were capable of monitoring our electronic news transmissions and interfering with the operation of electromagnetic machinery and warning devices, they may have advised the government to feign a policy of aloof indifference. By pooh-poohing civilian UFO sightings, the Air Force would accomplish a twofold purpose: they would be averting mass panic over the thought of alien observers and potential invaders, and they would give themselves time to prepare a defense, if one should prove to be necessary.

Whether you are convinced that the UFOs are filled with monsters or marsh gas, someday you may find yourself in the somewhat awkward position of sighting a "saucer" of your own. As a responsible citizen, you should notify the proper authorities at once. Regardless of the impression the Air Force may give in certain of their public utterances, they are highly interested in checking out every legitimate sighting. Major Quintanella once agreed with newsmen that "it is impossible to prove that flying saucers do not exist. . . ."

Dr. John S. Neff, assistant professor of physics and a teacher of astronomy at the University of Iowa, feels that there is a great need for coordination of information about the UFOs.

If you should find yourself in that potentially embarrassing position of having just sighted a UFO, Dr. Neff urges you to follow these important steps toward accurate observation.

1. Note the exact time at which the object was seen and for how long it was in view.
2. Note the exact location so that you might take an

investigating scientist back to the scene and reconstruct the sighting.

3. Note the condition of the sky. Was it clear or overcast?
4. Note the direction from which the UFO appeared. Try to line it up with a tree or some other landmark.
5. Try to get a fix on the altitude of the UFO. Hold a hand or pencil at arm's length. From thumb to little finger of a spread hand is an angular distance of 20 degrees. The sighter can thus determine how many degrees the UFO was above the horizon. For example, if it is straight overhead, it is 90 degrees.
6. Be able to describe the UFO. If you have a camera handy, snap a picture. Note its color and shape. Try to estimate its size in relation to the moon, a star, or a finger.

"The best bet would be to have people who are interested work with the police or others who can communicate by radio and get observations over at least a ten-mile distance," Dr. Neff said, "but at least try to get the direction and time and try to remember to write it down immediately.

"With enough facts compiled we could come up with a pretty good idea of what was going on. We could determine whether it was in the atmosphere or outside the atmosphere. This will not necessarily tell us what it is—but it will set limits on what it could be."

THE FATEFUL PROPHECY OF MAJOR ANDRE

One day in 1770, a Mr. Cunningham in Lichfield, Derbyshire, England, was at the home of the Reverend John Seward and his daughter Anna. During this visit, Mr. Cunningham related a disturbing dream which he had had a few nights before.

"I was walking all alone on a forest road," Cunningham told the clergyman. "As I walked a rider appeared, so close to me that I could clearly distinguish his features. Just as the rider drew abreast of me, three men appeared from the roadside and seized him. They were rough men and they pulled off the horseman's boots. When a folded paper fell from one of the boots, they made a great fuss over it and trussed up the horseman.

"For a while," Cunningham continued, "the dream was vague. But then I found myself in a town far from England. I was in a square in the midst of a huge crowd. As I looked about, I saw that same rider being led down the street toward a gallows which had been erected in the town square. Here, the mysterious horseman was hanged.

"It was really a most irritating dream," Cunningham concluded, "and I cannot understand what it means. Can you divine a solution, Rev. Seward?"

Before the clergyman could reply, Major John Andre was shown into the parlor. The young officer had been courting the beautiful Honora Sneyd, who lived with the Sewards.

"Good day, Reverend," Andre greeted his host with a slight bow. "I would like your permission to see Honora, as I'll be leaving soon for America."

Reverend Seward showed the young military man to another room where Honora sat sewing. When Seward returned to his guest, he found him pale and distraught.

"Whatever is the matter, Mr. Cunningham?"

"That man," Cunningham gasped, "that's him! He is the rider in my dream. Major Andre is the horseman who was hanged!"

Was this strange dream of Mr. Cunningham a genuine premonition of the true fate of Major Andre?

In 1780, General Benedict Arnold, the brilliant Colonial field officer, upset about being slighted for a promotion and worried about unmet gambling debts, decided to betray the American plans for the fortress of West Point to the British for money. He confronted the British commander, Sir Henry Clinton, who, in turn, arranged a meeting place for the transference of plans. Sir Henry sent his favorite officer, Major John Andre, to conduct the negotiations with the American traitor.

After Andre had the secret plans in his possession, he was to return to his ship. However, the captain of the ship, seeing his boat being fired upon by Colonial guns, hurriedly left without Andre. The British officer felt that he had only one choice, so he donned civilian clothes, put the plans in his boot, and took off on horseback down a deserted forest road. He had not ridden far when three men leaped out of the bushes, seized his horse's bridle, and pulled him to the ground.

"Who are you?" the officer demanded of the rough men.

The men exchanged glances, and identified themselves as a British scouting party.

"Thank God," Major Andre sighed. "I am a British officer on a mission of vital importance. You must not detain me a moment longer."

"British officer!" one of the men whooped. "We found us a good one this time!"

Too late Major Andre realized his mistake. He had lost his customary self-possession and had been tricked by three Colonials. He offered his watch, a purse of gold, promises of reward from the British Crown, but none of his bribes seemed to offer the slightest temptation to the Yankees. Instead of listening to him, they searched him —right down to his boots. Here they found the papers of betrayal.

Andre was taken prisoner, sentenced, and hanged in a crowded village square after he had been seized by three men on a lonely forest road. Mr. Cunningham's "dream" had come true.

THE CROSS THAT COMES AND GOES

A small cross periodically appears in the Christ Episcopal Church in Middletown, New Jersey, slightly protruding from the center of the right front wall, fifteen feet from the floor.

The Rev. Robert E. Lengler, rector of the church says, "Workmen have tried for years to paint over the cross in an effort to make it disappear. Each time they paint the wall with the cross on it, the cross becomes invisible. But a short time later, it is seen protruding from the wall again. The strange thing about the protrusion is that the paint never seems to flake off, but expands with the appearance of the cross. Our parishioners have seen this happen time and again."

Some of the parishioners believe in the legend which says that over 200 years ago the notorious pirate, Captain Kidd, placed a solid gold cross in the church for a thanks offering. The buccaneer had become ill when his ship had docked at Middletown. The old rector of Christ Church had ministered to Captain Kidd when the village doctor had denied his services to the freebooter.

The old church, which was standing during the time of Captain Kidd, is now surrounded by the present church which was built in 1835. If the cross had actually been an original part of the old church, it would seem as though there would have been another cross like it hanging on the other side of the wall for balance. Maybe the strange, reappearing cross really is Captain Kidd's thanks offering.

DID AMERICA FALL FROM THE MOON?

Dr. Hannes Alfven of the Royal Institute of Technology in Stockholm, Sweden, has recently advanced a theory that Earth's continents are not native to this planet at all, but fell from the moon.

According to Dr. Alfven's theory, the moon was once a planet of the sun rather than a satellite of Earth. About three and a half billion years ago, the moon-planet was captured by the gravitational pull of the larger planet, Earth, and began to break up under the severe strain.

"Prior to its disintegration," Dr. Alfven told newsmen, "the moon may have been twice as large as it is now. As it broke up, large chunks of the planet fell to Earth to become its continents.

"The crust of the earth is less dense than its core and is similar in density to the moon. This supports my speculation that the earth's continents have a lunar origin."

Dr. Alfven's estimation that this momentous event took place about three and a half billion years ago conforms to the date for the formation of the earliest layers of the earth as determined by geology and radioactivity.

The United States' Moho Project may determine whether or not a considerable difference in density does exist between the exterior and the interior of the earth. This project is currently engaged in boring through the crust of the earth into the interior. If the interior should be found to be more solid than the crust, this may indicate that we now live on the same type of matter as will be found on the moon. Such a discovery will lend further support to Alfven's hypothesis.

According to the Swedish scientist, the moon's craters were caused by fragments of the one-time planet as they fell back to the moon's surface after being blown skyward in the violent disintegration. Other fragments of the moon shot out into space to come to Earth, even now, as meteors.

WHO WAS THE BOMBER'S PILOT?

Captain "Brick" Barton, of Auburn, New York, was a pilot of a B-24 bomber out of an English base during World War II.

One day Barton and his crew had just completed their mission over Frankfurt, Germany.

"All targets approached and all eggs dropped from the basket, sir," said the copilot. "Now we can go home."

"Yes," Barton nodded. "We've done a darn good job, too. It sure will be good to set down on the old terra firma again. I'm bushed."

As Captain Barton was in the process of turning the bomber back toward England, a German fighter made a strafing pass at the B-24. The pilot's compartment was riddled, and several bullets struck Barton.

The copilot, seeing that his captain had been hit, took immediate control of the plane.

"Captain Barton? Are you all right, sir?" The copilot could hear the harsh chatter of the bomber's machine gunners, and he knew that he would not have to worry about the German fighter any longer. But how, he asked himself, was he going to get this giant airplane back to England all by himself?

"Don't worry, kid," Barton told him, managing a weak grin. "You just take control, and I'll give you instructions on how to get us home. I'll be with you all the way."

As the B-24 neared the base in England, the copilot radioed the tower and told them to prepare an ambulance for Captain Barton. When the relieved young officer stepped out of the plane, the flight surgeon complimented him on a safe landing.

"Thank you, sir," said the copilot, "but I couldn't have done it without the help and advice of Captain Barton. He kept talking to me and giving me pointers from the moment he was hit over Frankfurt. You had better see to him right away."

The flight surgeon hurried into the pilot's compartment. A few minutes later, visibly shaken, he left the bomber and approached the copilot.

"You say Captain Barton spoke to you, that he helped you land the airplane?"

"That's correct," the copilot acknowledged, frowning his bewilderment at the surgeon's strange barrage of questions.

"Well, that's impossible," the surgeon said. "Captain Barton died instantly, and he's been dead for almost an hour."

THE ICE CREAM URGE THAT SAVED A LIFE

On Friday night, December 23, 1966, Mrs. Elizabeth Drake was sitting in her home in Tucson, Arizona, quietly anticipating the coming holidays, when she had a sudden craving for ice cream. The urge became so great that she went to a telephone and dialed the information operator for the number of a local ice cream parlor. Just as soon as she had the number, Mrs. Drake's forefinger dialed the proper digits which would summon a delivery of ice cream right to her door.

The phone rang for some time. Mrs. Drake was about to give up, thinking the parlor had taken an early holiday, when someone finally picked up the receiver.

"Hello?" Mrs. Drake asked eagerly. "Is this the ice cream parlor?"

A woman mumbled an answer into the mouthpiece.

"Hello?" Mrs. Drake complained. "I can't understand you. Do I have the ice cream parlor?"

Once again there was only a feeble, unintelligible mumble. Then Mrs. Drake began to make out a few words.

"The voice was weak," Mrs. Drake later told newsmen, "and all I could understand was that the woman wanted help."

Mrs. Drake left her phone off the hook and summoned the police by using a neighbor's phone. The police were able to trace the call to the apartment of Beatrice B. Friedman, where they found the seventy-eight-year-old woman unconscious after having suffered a stroke.

"The strange thing about this case," said police Sergeant Carl Kishman, "is that the telephone numbers of the ice cream parlor and the woman's apartment are in no way similar. They don't even have the same prefixes."

What led Mrs. Elizabeth Drake to dial that fortunate choice of digits which saved a woman's life? How was it that she happened to make such a drastic mistake in dialing when an operator had just given her the number which she had requested? Was it all a coincidence? Or was it, as a Tucson police officer described it, "a Christmas miracle"?

THE GHOSTLY LADY OF ROCKY HILL CASTLE

The old Southern mansion known as Rocky Hill Castle stands near Courtland, Alabama. Built by Reverend Thomas L. Saunders in 1828, the Castle still shelters his descendants—and at least one ghost.

On three different occasions members of the Saunders family tree have sold the huge estate because of some horrifying experience, but each time they have bought it back.

Mr. Saunders brushes off the fact of their in-again-out-again occupancy by saying: "We just happen to love the place."

But is it love or some unknown force which continues to pull them back to Rocky Hill Castle?

"On certain instances we have heard the clanking of chains coming from our basement," Saunders said, "but upon inspection, nothing was seen that could have produced the mysterious clanking.

"One other time we heard a persistent tapping coming from the basement. I jokingly passed these sounds off as the knocking of the two dead brothers who built the castle."

Mrs. Saunders remembered the time that she seemed to sense the presence of someone in the room with her. Whenever she would turn to look over her shoulder, she would see no one. Retaining a strong feeling that some being was still with her, she dared it to "speak or go away and leave me alone."

Mrs. Saunders was startled to hear her invisible guest answer: "Sister, do not be doubting for I am truly here."

Later that day, Mrs. Saunders was descending the stairs when she saw a woman dressed in the swelling petticoats of the antebellum South standing at the foot of the stairwell. Thinking that they had received a visitor who had come to solicit funds for some historical project, Mrs. Saunders rushed down the stairs to extend the customary warm Southern greeting. When she reached out her hand to welcome the lady, the unannounced guest vanished. It seemed as though the ghost were demonstrating to Mrs. Saunders that it had been "truly there."

Although Mr. Saunders had suffered through all the mysterious noises, he scoffed at his wife's tale of the ghostly lady in swirling skirts. He just did not believe in that sort of thing.

But a few days later, when Mr. Saunders had to go down to the basement to get something, he was forced to change his mind. For there, sitting on a trunk, was the misty form of the belle who had returned from the South of long ago.

Never again has Saunders gone down into the basement without casting an anticipatory glance toward the old trunk, and he never contradicts his wife when she tells visitors that Rocky Hill Castle is haunted.

THE WITCH AND THE REINCARNATED DOCTOR

Dona Silvina, one of Portugal's most famous witches, receives more than 100 clients a day. Her tiny house sometimes becomes so crowded that aides distribute numbered cards at the entrance, and she treats patients in groups of five.

Several pairs of crutches hang on the wall in mute testimony to the cripples who have been cured after a visit to Dona Silvina. Dozens of letters from grateful patients swell the files of this most unusual clinic.

"I have a gift," the portly witch pronounces emphatically. "Everything that I give comes from my hands. They transmit the good wishes of the good doctor, Dr. Sousa Martins."

Dr. Sousa Martins died seventy years ago after a life of unselfish work among the poor people of Portugal. Dona Silvina claims that she allows the spirit of the doctor to "incarnate" within her and to use her body as an instrument by which he might continue his ministry of healing.

Dona Silvina invokes the incarnation of Dr. Sousa Martins by repeating a set speech: "Let us thank our brother, Dr. Sousa Martins, for the cures he is about to give us."

Once the invocation has been uttered, the witch goes into convulsions near her altar. The patients who have come to seek the curative gifts of the spirit doctor also begin to writhe about on rugs which the short and stocky Dona Silvina has scattered on the floor.

When the spirit has arrived to possess the witch temporarily, Dona Silvina sits on a low chair beside her creaky iron bed. From deep within her throat comes a manly growl which is allegedly Dr. Sousa Martins' voice.

"I miss the earth," the voice tells those assembled. "I miss my sick patients."

Once incarnated in the ample flesh of Dona Silvina, the spirit of the doctor wastes little time. At once, he sets about prescribing healing rituals and calling forth various patients to be cured.

Thousands of the ill and afflicted in Portugal consult witches each year. There is not a town in the nation which does not have its "wise woman." In the tiny villages, the witch may set up "office" in a tiny shack, which may house only a primitive altar to bear the candles, statues, and ancient books of her trade. In Lisbon and in the larger cities, the more cosmopolitan witch may operate out of a luxurious modern office suite. But whatever her immediate environment, both the city witch and her country cousin are kept busy prescribing potions and elixirs which range from yellow spiders dipped in butter for intestinal disorders to powdered snakeskin for whooping cough.

"My best cure is gymnastics," Dona Silvina told a reporter early in 1967. "Lie on the floor and do what your body wants you to do."

A Lisbon society matron proclaims that she was cured of an abscess when Dona Silvina drew a needle across a ball of worsted over which she had first mumbled a spell.

Periodically, a plainclothes policeman will consult a witch until the time when he feels that he has built a case of fraud against her. When a witch suffers such an inconvenience, she simply sets up her altar in another area of the city and awaits the return of her clientele, who are convinced of her powers.

"Medics and nurses are so rare and superstition so rampant in Portugal," a leading Lisbon doctor said recently, "that witchcraft seems unavoidable."

THE GHOST IN WHALEY HOUSE

No one is allowed in the old Whaley House after 4 P.M., but policemen and responsible citizens say that someone, or something, keeps walking around half the night turning all the lights on.

The building, located at 2482 San Diego Avenue in San Diego, California, has been restored and is now owned and operated by the San Diego Historical Society as a tourist attraction. The members of the society are less than enthusiastic about the fact that they may have renovated a *ghost* attraction as well.

Often, while conducting tours through the old mansion, members of the historical society and their visitors have heard eerie footsteps moving about other parts of the house when the rooms were visibly unoccupied.

The upstairs windows of the Whaley House are to be opened only for cleaning purposes, but on several different occasions, police have had to rouse a society member out of bed to return to the house to lock these windows when they were discovered open at 2 A.M.

Subsequent investigations have always demonstrated that the windows had been opened from the *inside* of Whaley House. A double-check of the upstairs windows before the house is vacated and locked at 4 P.M. *does* nothing to insure their remaining locked until opening hours the next morning.

Some local historians believe that it may be the angry ghost of Yankee Jim that is causing all the trouble. Yankee Jim was a murderer who was seized in San

Diego more than 100 years ago. After a crude trial, the killer was delivered into the hands of an inept hangman. Newspaper accounts of the day attest to the morbid fact that Yankee Jim died a slow and painful death by strangulation. He was hanged at the site where Whaley House was constructed.

In the fall of 1966, a group of newsmen volunteered to stay in Whaley House overnight. Special permission was granted to the journalists by the historical society, and the ghost hunters prepared to spend the night with Yankee Jim.

The wife of one of the newsmen had to be taken home at 9:30 P.M. She was badly shaken and proclaimed that she had seen something on the upper floor which she refused to describe. The journalists left the house before dawn. They, too, refused to discuss the reason for their premature departure. But some people say that they had been confronted by the ghost of Yankee Jim, still protesting the horror of his death.

THE TILTING TABLE THAT TOLD WHERE TO DIG

A rare type of stone coffin was uncovered in 1950 by two workmen in Longniddry, Haddington, East Lothian, Scotland. These workmen were digging the foundations for the estate of the Earl of Wemyss under the direction of Norman Neil, architect, and his friend H. Scott Harrison.

Neil and Harrison interested Dr. Graham Callender of the Edinburgh Museum and Dr. Ritchie of the University of Edinburgh in their find. After examining the coffin, the scholars estimated that the relic had been made as far back as 1700 B.C.

Quite excited over their Bronze Age treasure, the two men enlisted the aid of fourteen volunteers in the hope of uncovering still more of these ancient artifacts. But after digging two trenches 60 by 6 feet, the workers were unable to turn up anything except dirt.

Harrison, who had become interested in experiments with table-tilting communications, decided to try to get the table to answer questions on the whereabouts of more relics. When, a few nights later, Harrison and his friends were getting excellent results from the personal questions which they had put before the table, he decided to ask if they might not be able to locate more hidden coffins. Surprisingly, the table tapped out frank measurements for the crew to use in directing their excavations.

The next morning, marking off the paces which the table had suggested, the men started to dig furiously.

Although Dr. Callender was a bit skeptical about the validity of the table's measurements, he felt the men might as well dig there as any other place.

Meanwhile, Harrison again confronted his table and found that three ancient graves would be found at the exact site which the table had previously given. On the succeeding Sunday, two cists were found along with a badly shattered cinerary urn.

Doubting archeologists decreed the whole business a matter of coincidence, but Harrison, still believing in the validity of his table, once again asked it to direct their excavations. This time he was told that a grave containing bronze would be unearthed and six additional cists would be found in an irregular line diagonal to the first grave.

These excavations, begun in the fall, had uncovered nothing by winter. Due to the bad weather, proceedings were halted until the following spring. At that time, workmen continued digging the seven holes they had begun the previous fall. Here at last they found the seven

graves. And one of them did indeed yield up the possibility that some bronze object had occupied the cist at one time. This was determined by the bluish-green stains found on the bones. Experts concluded that the variety shown in the burial methods indicated that the graves had been dug over a period of several hundred years.

A flint knife, bone scrapers, and clay vessels were also found within the cists, but the greatest find was a pair of what appeared to be glass earrings. Only one similar glass bead has ever been unearthed from Bronze Age burial sites in Britain.

Other notable finds which were discovered with the aid of communicating personalities from the "spirit world" included the excavations at the Glastonbury Abbey. In this instance, the communicators claimed to be deceased monks who gave the sites of long-forgotten buildings from their memories.

THE BISHOP WHO WITNESSED AN ASSASSINATION IN A DREAM

One of the most astonishing precognitive dreams in history took place on June 28, 1914, in Nagyvarad, Hungary. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Nagyvarad, Dr. Josef von Lanyi, awoke strangely at the early hour of 3 A.M. terribly shaken over what he had just experienced.

"I dreamt that I was reading my morning mail," he wrote later, "and reached for a large envelope, framed in black. The handwriting on the address appeared to be the forceful writing of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir to the Austro-Hungarian Empire. I was almost positive of the handwriting because the Archduke had been a pupil of mine years ago.

"Inside the envelope was a photograph of a crowded street scene, with soldiers lined up to keep the crowd from the pathway of a luxurious automobile. In the automobile were the Archduke, his wife Sophie, an Austrian general, a chauffeur, and another army officer.

"Suddenly, the photograph came to life, and two men, quite young in age, rushed from behind the guards and fired revolvers at the Archduke and his wife.

"On the back of the photograph was scrawled this message:

> My Lord Bishop:
> Dear Doctor Lanyi:
>
> I wish to let you know that today I will perish together with my wife, due to a political assassination. We recommend ourselves to the Godly prayers and Holy Masses of Your Lordship and ask you to remain as loving and devoted to our poor orphaned children as you have been before. With the most cordial greetings,
>
> I am yours,
> Archduke Franz
>
> Sarajevo, June 28, 1914.
> 3:30 A.M."

After reviewing his dream, the Bishop again looked at the clock. It was exactly 3:30 A.M. Immediately the clergyman went to his desk and wrote down every last detail that had taken place in this weird premonition. After he had completed this task, the Bishop began fervently to say his rosary.

"Your holiness, are you ill? Is there something I can do for you?" anxiously queried the Bishop's butler when he entered his episcopal master's room at 5:30 A.M.

Bishop Lanyi told the servant that he was not ill, but had been extremely upset by a terrible dream about a

disaster which would befall their highnesses, the Archduke and his wife. He ordered the servant to gather the entire household to say a mass for the souls of the beloved heirs to the throne of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

When the mass in the chapel had been completed, the Bishop told those gathered of the eerie prevision and asked that they sign the notes and sketches which he had drawn up from his memory of the dream.

Although the Bishop and his household consulted the papers and wire service, there was no report of any such terrible event. In fact, it appeared to be one of those calm, sunny June mornings.

Although there is no record that Bishop Lanyi made any effort to warn the Crown Prince and his wife of the impending assassination, it is known that the churchman did spend the rest of the day in the chapel, continually praying for the souls of his country's royalty.

At the same time, several hundred miles away, Archduke Franz Ferdinand and Sophie were preparing for a day of festivities which would be inaugurated by a lavish parade. Cheering crowds lined the streets of Sarajevo, capital of the province of Bosnia, and the very sight of such warmth and frivolity made the Archduke scoff at the warning which he had received that someone might try to assassinate him. Still, Franz Ferdinand was a Hapsburg and a realist. He knew that if someone among the subjected Serbs did seek his life, the celebration of Vidovdan, their national holiday, would be the perfect time to kill him.

Before the Crown Prince entered the waiting automobile, he turned to one of his officers and remarked: "It would not surprise me if we were to receive a few bullets today."

The prospect of sudden death did not frighten Franz Ferdinand. As a Hapsburg, he had been admonished from early childhood that he might be required to make his peace with God at the most unexpected moment. The Hapsburg predisposition toward sudden death was intensified in Franz Ferdinand by the fact that he had been tubercular as a youth and had long felt that he was living on borrowed time.

The automobile carrying the royal couple did not travel far before it approached the spot where the two conspirators stood waiting with hidden revolvers. The first assassin was either nervous or not a very good shot and, even at near point-blank range, he missed both of his startled targets. The second malefactor was much steadier and much more accurate. His bullets struck first the Archduke, then the Duchess Sophie, and killed the royal couple instantly.

At 3:30 P.M. Bishop Lanyi was interrupted at his prayers to be informed of the deaths of his beloved former pupil, Franz Ferdinand, and his wife, Sophie. The blood of the royal house of Hapsburg had spilled forth from the precognitive dream of the clergyman to become a disastrous reality. What the Bishop had not foreseen is that the crimson pool of blood would grow in ever widening circles until it had brought about the terrible carnage of World War I.

ESKIMO MAGIC OF THE MUKLUKS

Father Tom Cunningham was one of the few white persons who was accepted by the isolated tribes of Eskimos north of the Arctic Circle. Shortly before his death, Father Cunningham told a strange story about three pairs of mukluks (Eskimo fur boots) to Father John Morris of the Alaskan mission.

One spring day three Eskimos set out on a polar-bear

hunting expedition from a little village west of Point Barrow on the Arctic Ocean. Before they left, the hunters told the other villagers the direction which they would be taking. They expected to return in three days.

When three days had passed and the hunters had not yet returned, the respective families of the three hunters, worried about their delay, obtained a pair of each man's mukluks and hung them over a sealskin clothesline. Following an ancient ritual of their people, the nearest of kin set the individual mukluks in motion, allowing them to swing back and forth like pendulums. According to the tradition, if a pair of mukluks stopped swinging, the owner was considered to be dead.

Two days later, one pair of mukluks stopped swinging. The Eskimos told Father Cunningham that the spirit talk had decreed that their owner had died. The man's family went into mourning at once.

On the seventh day the spirits halted another pair of mukluks, and the village was filled with the sorrowful wailings of the second hunter's family. Now only one pair of boots continued to swing on the sealskin clothesline.

On the evening of the ninth day, the surviving hunter returned. He was soon surrounded by the villagers, who were eager to learn the fate of his two companions. Despondently, the hunter related that one of his comrades, while attacking a polar bear, had slipped on an ice floe, which had broken up because of the rising temperature. He had disappeared before they could reach him. Two days later, the second hunter had fallen into freezing water and he, too, had slipped out of sight before he could grasp his hand.

Father Cunningham was very careful to check the time element involved in the hunter's account of the deaths of his companions. The priest found that the times of the accidental deaths corresponded exactly to the times when the two pairs of mukluks had stopped swinging.

DOES ALEXANDER HAMILTON STILL WALK IN GREENWICH VILLAGE?

In a 1957 issue of Greenwich Village's weekly newspaper, *The Village Voice*, authoress Jean Karsavina revealed that she had been sharing a house with Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury under George Washington.

The house at 27 Jane Street was built in pre-Revolutionary War days, and Miss Karsavina relates that ". . . the house used to belong to a Dr. John Francis, who was the attending physician back in 1804 when Alexander Hamilton was shot during a duel with Aaron Burr.

"Since 1939 I have been hearing strange sounds, such as creaking stairs, footsteps, and doors repeatedly closing and opening.

"But the strangest sound of all is the constant flushing of the toilet! I suppose the toilet that flushed would be a novelty to someone from the eighteenth century."

Although Miss Karsavina has never seen her inquisitive ghost in action, she said that she had entered the bathroom once after a series of flushings to find the toilet chain still in motion.

On occasion, the authoress has seen the ghost as a faint, blurred shape moving about the house. Her upstairs tenant, however, claimed a much more vivid visitation: "One night I saw a man dressed in stylish eighteenth-century clothes with his hair in a queue. He walked into my bedroom, looked at me, then vanished."

The house at 27 Jane Street may just possibly shelter the spirit of Alexander Hamilton. Where else might he go, since his own home at 80 Jane Street has long ago been demolished?

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